

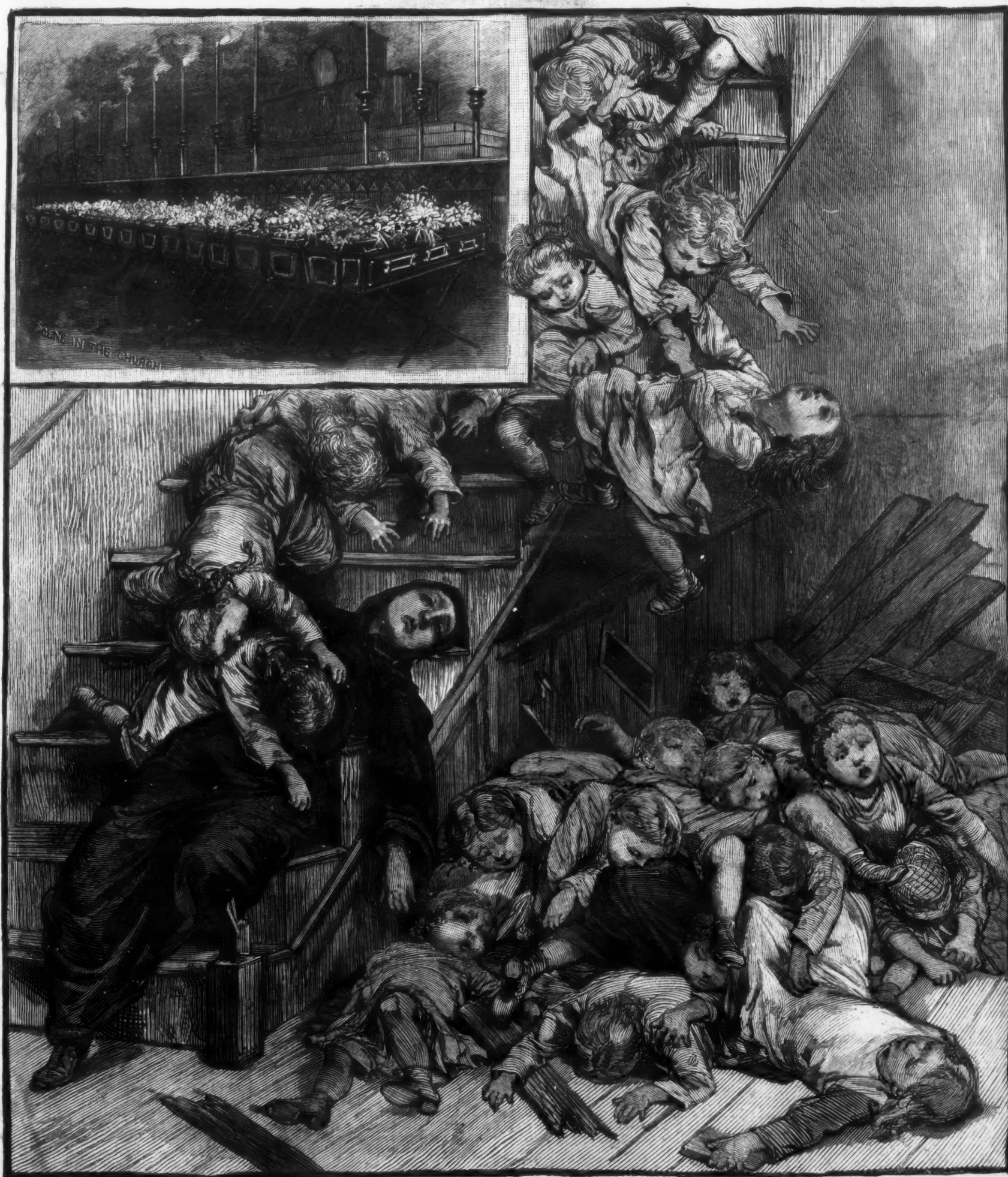
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE AT THE R. C. SCHOOL OF THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER, EAST FOURTH STREET, FEB. 20TH.—FIFTEEN CHILDREN KILLED BY THE FALL OF A STAIRWAY.—SEE PAGE 23.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1883.

### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT BY STATUTE.

THE introduction of a Bill by Mr. Roosevelt in the Assembly of New York to make flogging a statutory penalty for wife beating follows on the practical reintroduction of the whipping-post in Maryland for the same offense. It is curious, too, that many public characters noted for their humanitarian enterprises in other directions boldly declare in favor of this form of physical expiation. Chief among them is Mr. Henry Bergh, who has given the latter years of his active life to the prevention of violence against the lower orders of creation. It is doubtful, however, if any large section of an enlightened community can in this day be made to support a kind of legal cruelty now generally regarded as belonging to a bygone age. Even admitting that the brute who is degraded enough to assault a woman richly deserves payment of a summary and severe character in his own coin, the general introduction of lash-torture should only be enacted as a final resort, if at all. Whipping in England was ordered by Act of Parliament some years ago for the special crime of garroting, which grew to be alarmingly frequent in London, and while the effect was very salutary in speedily extinguishing the epidemic, public opinion did not permit a further extension of the punishment. It is true that there are some old statutes still actually in force in Great Britain permitting culprits to be flogged, but it is seldom that the Bench orders their enforcement. Few of the advanced nations of Europe allow violent castigation. Even in Russia torture is now confined to the purpose of extracting confessions from political conspirators, while in Austria and Germany the ancient custom is now generally obsolete, and the same is true of the Latin nations. Turkey alone holds to the bastinado, and this barbarous weapon can be used at the order of a provincial governor, military or naval commander, at discretion, and its application very often in official life becomes a species of brutal amusement to a wanton superior.

It is noticed, too, in all countries and under all conditions where flogging is applied, that the man charged with the execution of the task loves to take a fiendish relish in handling the weapon whatever may be the writhings of the victim. In the early days of the United States Navy, and until within a few years before the Rebellion, the cat was extensively and barbarously used to enforce discipline upon our men-of-war. At no time was it more fatally employed than when the United States Squadron was anchored in the bay of San Francisco during the initial days of the gold excitement in California. Desertions were of hourly occurrence. Finally, the commodore of the fleet decided, at whatever cost, to inaugurate a period of discipline. All the deserters but one being captured, a drum-head court-martial fixed the punishment of each at five hundred lashes on the bare back without, under any circumstances, a mitigation of sentence. The sentences were carried out with great ceremony on board the flagship, so that the ordeal could be witnessed by the whole squadron. More than one half died before sunset, and the others within a few days became as old and feeble men. While this terrible retribution wrought its intended result, a strong sentiment against the cat was aroused, and it was not many years before the Articles for the Better Government of the Navy made it a severe offense to inflict any form of physical punishment in the service.

The only widespread form of physical castigation now followed is in our prisons and reformatory institutions, and recent developments have awakened a deep public interest in the subject. Governor Cleveland, who has held two positions which have brought him into close relations with the criminal classes, has recently called the attention of the prison authorities of the State to the fact that there is no legal authority permitting wardens or keepers to flog prisoners. The revelations which have been made through the medium of the Assembly Investigating Committee disclose a state of affairs which make the entire subject of prison reform and discipline extremely perplexing. When a prisoner is sentenced for a term of years at hard labor in one of our prisons, there are two elements entering into his incarceration—one that he shall expiate his offense against the commonwealth, and the other that he shall prepare himself in some calling that will make him a useful member of the community on his release. The question very naturally occurs, will degrading and cruel punishment serve to wean a criminal away from the paths of crime, and is such a method of endeavoring to maintain dis-

cipline likely to produce a good understanding between the prison authorities and those whose custody they have? This view of the question must present itself forcibly to the Legislature when its members come to discuss the subject now being so widely agitated, and also whether the system of contract labor in our prisons has or has not a tendency to foster an unwise public policy.

Whatever conclusion is reached after a careful survey of the facts, it is patent the internal administration of many of our state charities and correctional institutions has been suffering from long-enduring evils which can better be remedied now, when there are no exciting national topics to distract public attention, than in some day of the uncertain future.

### POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS IN IRELAND.

SEVEN centuries ago four knights of England, having heard King Henry II. exclaim, in his rage, "Among the cowards who eat at my table, is there not one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" hurried to Canterbury and brutally murdered the Archbishop in the great cathedral.

This was in the times which we call the dark ages. But in 1882, in the light of the nineteenth century, a butchery more brutal, and without the excuse of royal instigation, took place in a public park in the chief city of Ireland. The English knights, murderers as they were, were manly enough to give their victim warning, and offered him the alternative of absolving the bishops he had excommunicated. It was only after he had exclaimed, "If all the swords in England were brandishing over my head, their terrors would not move me," that they did their bloody work, and slew Thomas à Becket at the foot of the altar of St. Benedict. The modern assassins were of the "baser sort," and stealing from different paths upon two gentlemen unconscious of danger, hacked them to pieces without a word, left them dying where they fell—one of the brutes returning to administer a final thrust—and went about their ordinary avocations among their fellow-citizens. While the world was thrilled with horror at their deed, they evaded detection without flight, and have been at last discovered only by confessions extorted by fear.

Incredible as it seems, more than a score of men, bound by secret oaths and obeying the commands of a mysterious organization, in open day and in a public place—even under the eyes of spectators unaware of the nature of the tragedy—were able to slaughter two important public officers, and quietly resume their daily duties. One of them, indeed, returned to perform the functions of a city councillor. It is inevitable that the exposure of the perpetrators of this atrocity, and the fact that its instigation came from organizations formed to benefit the condition of the people of Ireland, should produce a profound impression. It may largely influence the course of political affairs, and must grievously hurt the cause which it was blindly intended to serve.

In politics as well as religion, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Two years after his murder Thomas à Becket was canonized, and down to the time of the Reformation pilgrimages were made to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury by devotees from every corner of Christendom. Two volumes kept in the cathedral were filled with the accounts of miracles wrought at his tomb. Jubilees were celebrated every fiftieth year in his honor, and King Henry himself, though denying that he authorized the crime, was compelled to do penance at the tomb.

Similar results, modified by modern ideas, will be likely to follow the fiendish murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Sympathy with the Irish people in their wrongs—so widely felt in this country—will be stifled in the horror which the disclosures as to the inspiration and execution of this deed inevitably inspire. The knife of the assassin and the bullet from the hedge-row are not the instruments for the regeneration of Ireland, however urgent may be her needs. National wrongs can never be permanently righted by crimes against property or person, and no nation has ever yet established a distinct political autonomy by the methods of the ruffian and the assassin. There has been so much of these, culminating in this ghastly tragedy and the murder of Juror Field soon following it—and the Irish leaders have proved so utterly deficient in the qualities of practical statesmanship—that not only will the sternest measures of repression be henceforth welcomed and applauded, but the best friends of the suffering country must now become doubtful of the possibility of effecting any real amelioration of her condition for years to come.

On this account, as well as because of its shocking features as a product of the latest civilization of the world, we shall watch with intense interest the revelations concerning political assassination in Ireland.

They are merely preliminary as yet, and the formal trials will soon follow. We may expect not only a thorough exposure of the sources of the conspiracy, but a revelation also of the real animus and character of the whole revolutionary movement as hitherto directed. And we may be sure that if the mysterious leader named "Number One" shall be discovered and convicted, that his penance will be more bitter than that of King Henry beating himself with stripes at the grave of the Archbishop.

### CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

FEW more important duties will devolve upon President Arthur during his administration than the selection of three Commissioners to supervise the proposed reform in the Civil Service. The importance of this act consisted not only in the fact that it would furnish a crucial test of his own attitude towards this movement for reform, but also in the fact that it would go far towards determining the success or failure of that movement as now undertaken. It is in every way gratifying to be able to say that the President's appointments indicate the sincerity of his sympathy with the proposed reform as professed in his Message to Congress last December, and insure the initiation of the experiment under the most favorable auspices.

The name of Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has been so long and so conspicuously associated with the cause of Civil Service Reform that it naturally suggested itself to the public as peculiarly fit to head the Commission. Mr. Eaton was a member of the short-lived Civil Service Commission, which had such a checkered career during General Grant's administration, and he is probably more familiar with the subject involved, by reason of his observations abroad as well as his studies at home, than any other man in the country. Professor John M. Gregory, of Illinois, has had a wide experience in connection with educational institutions and the work of public instruction, and he is vouched for as possessing, in a peculiar degree, the executive qualities which are so much desired in the position for which he is named. Dr. Thomas, of Ohio, the Democratic member of the Board, is a much younger and less conspicuous person than either of his colleagues, but he has a creditable record in his State, and the fact that his fitness is attested by Senator Pendleton, the champion of the Bill, constituting the Commission, will generally be accounted a sufficient recommendation.

In short, President Arthur has committed the reform to the hands of his friends, and insured for it that fair trial which alone is needed to establish its wisdom. He appears to have some perception of the fact that history may very likely write down the inauguration of Civil Service Reform as the most salient feature of this Administration, and he has done his part towards making the new system thus established a success.

### IS LAND PROPERTY?

WHY need there be any poverty in the world? Why cannot all men be rich, all women handsomely clad, all children well fed? Why should the mud from the carriage of opulence bespatter the poor man as he trudges wearily by on foot? These are the questions that have wearied and worried the ages—the conundrums that sages have failed to guess.

Every few years there rises up a self-baptized seer who bemoans the misery of the poor, and announces that he has invented a scheme for the readjustment of human conditions so that all shall have enough, "whether or no." Now it is a forcible division of property, so that all for a day—or, at least, for an hour—shall share alike. Now it is an issue of flat money—to cost nobody anything and to be irredeemable, and to be printed on fast presses till the gorged world cries, "Enough!" and all the poor are sufficiently wealthy. Now it is one project; now, another.

The very latest device is that whereof Henry George is the apostle—founded on the proposition that there cannot rightfully be any property in anything which is not a product of human labor. Land is not a product of human labor—therefore there cannot rightfully be any property in land more than in air or rain or sunshine. There can be no property in land, therefore all land ought to be confiscated by the state and parceled out among those who want to use it to grow food upon. This is the argument; this, the device.

The declaration that there cannot rightfully be property in land is so revolutionary as to be undeserving of notice were it not for the circumstance that its champion has succeeded in awaking some degree of sympathy with his views by dwelling upon the situation of affairs in Ireland as emphasizing their justice. Only a few nights ago in the parlors of a wealthy but thoughtful New York citizen, on Gramercy Park, Mr. George was listened to for hours

by an audience of fashionable ladies and gentlemen in full dress, and several wealthy men rose at the close of his address and announced their concurrence in his views! Nothing more strange and anomalous has recently taken place in our society. When millionaires become agrarians, the fact is not to be ignored.

Of course there is no property in land if property must necessarily be created by man. This last proposition is assumed by these new reformers as if it were an axiom. If we ask, "How do you know that nothing is rightfully property except that which is created by labor?" we are answered, "Ah, that is self-evident!"

It is as far as possible from being self-evident. If there is rightfully no property in land, there is rightfully no property in anything. We can understand a man when he says, "There is rightfully no private property at all, for we are all brothers and sisters, and are bound to divide to the last cent." But it is confusing when he says, "There is rightfully no property in land; but we may own horses, cattle, houses, railroads, watches, pictures, books." Because all of these come directly from the land.

The fine residence in which was held the meeting alluded to grew from the soil as completely and truly as if it were a tree. The brown-stone front came from the mountain; the bricks, from the hillside; the wooden facings and floors, from the forest; the marbles, from the quarries; the glass, porcelain, bronze, silver, from the sand and the mines; the paint and coloring matter, from earth and from vegetables that grew from earth; the fleece of carpets, from sheep, and the silk of curtains, from worms that fed on the various growths of the soil; the gas even that lighted it, from an earth-born mineral. If there is no property in land, there can be none in gold mines, silver mines, marble quarries, oil wells; in fact, it follows, in the last analysis, that there can in that case be no property in anything.

If all land were confiscated by the state and held for free cultivation, it is doubtful if it would much diminish poverty. Disparity of wealth will never be abolished; indeed, it is the chief stimulus of enterprise and human effort. A is driven to work by the consciousness that B has by energy and skill acquired some privileges which he does not possess. Wealth is the source of leisure, and leisure the source of luxury, art, taste, culture, philosophy, science and progress. If Mr. George insists that land is not rightfully property, he will have to condescend to offer some proof in support of his alleged axiom.

### THE SPECULATIVE MANIA.

A noteworthy feature of trade at the present time, and one which is not calculated to contribute to the prosperity of the country in the end, is the astonishing magnitude to which purely speculative operations have attained in certain branches of business. The speculative sales of wheat, for instance, have within a single week reached no less than 35,000,000 bushels, as a result partly of the unfavorable accounts as to the condition of the Winter wheat in various sections of such important States as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, but largely owing to floods in the Ohio Valley. Ohio, with its 2,902,000 acres devoted to this culture, raises 38,520,000 bushels of Winter wheat, or more than any other State in the Union; Indiana produces 31,353,000 bushels on 2,903,000 acres; and the yield in Illinois is 26,822,000 from 3,285,000 acres. The crop news from Kentucky and Northern Tennessee has also been unfavorable. In the more important Winter wheat States the snow has disappeared in many sections, and it is averred that the wheat is being injured by exposure to sudden changes in the temperature; the snow is a coverlid not to be dispensed with thus early in the season. The floods, moreover, are likely to rot the plant and cause a material reduction in the yield. Meanwhile, floods on the Continent of Europe have done much injury, and rains and floods have lately prevailed to such an extent in England that they threaten, it is said, to assume the proportions of a national calamity. By this time quite an area of wheat is usually sown in England, but it is stated that this year very little sowing has as yet been done. One correspondent goes so far as to declare that England is now "literally a morass, with the Winter wheat rotting in the soggy ground." These statements will explain the rampant speculation that has been in progress both here and at the West for a fortnight past. The supply of wheat here is only 6,000,000 bushels, yet this quantity is "sold" nearly every day at the Produce Exchange, and on a single day recently the transactions in "options" involved nearly 10,000,000 bushels.

In Chicago there have recently been some startling revelations touching "co-operative" schemes of speculating in grain, pork and lard at the Board of Trade, consequent upon the seizure of the mails of some of the individuals who are alleged to have swindled the persons who had



Intrusted them with money. It is stated that one of these firms received about \$200,000 in January, and that others received \$10,000 a day for some time. The plan was, it appears, to invite subscriptions of \$10 and upwards for investment on a system of co-operation, just as "blind pools" are formed in stock speculations in New York. In this grain speculation tabulated figures were sent to subscribers by which the profits were made to appear at from five to eighty-five per cent. The bait was eagerly swallowed by hundreds, and the results in many instances have been deplorable. In a village of only 1,300 inhabitants in Wisconsin the losses have been nearly \$15,000—no small sum under the circumstances.

Petroleum is another hobby with the speculator. A really dangerous speculation has been going on for some time past, both here and in Pennsylvania. The production of crude petroleum is only 60,000 barrels per day, but, strange as it may appear, the "sales" both here and at Oil City aggregate 3,000,000 barrels daily, and at Bradford 2,000,000 barrels, thus swelling the transactions to 8,000,000 barrels in certificates daily, against 60,000 barrels as stated in actual production of oil.

At the Coffee Exchange, too, there has been an excited speculation owing to a reported decrease in the crop in Brazil; over half a million bags have been sold since the beginning of the year. In fact, railroad and mining shares are now neglected only because speculators think ventures in grain, petroleum and coffee more profitable. This is certainly far from a satisfactory state of affairs.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A SENSATION only second to that caused by the Phoenix Park tragedy of last May has been produced by the complete uncovering of that horrible massacre by James Carey, one of the chief parties to the crime. Carey, who was a member of the Dublin Council and a man of some standing in the community, had kept his place in the prisoner's dock along with the score of others arrested on suspicion until the 17th of February, when his associates were thunderstruck to see him enter the witness-box. He proceeded at once to lay bare all the details of one of the most remarkable plots on record. Carey said that he joined the Fenian Brotherhood in 1862 and became its Treasurer, and it was a fellow-member of that organization who, in December, 1881, introduced him to P. J. Sheridan, who was disguised as a priest and passed as Father Murphy. Sheridan told him that he was organizing a "Society of Invincibles" for the "removal" of tyrants, and subsequently constituted Carey one of the four leaders of the Dublin branch, which came to include thirty members. Earl Cowper, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary; and Mr. Burke, Under Secretary, were promptly named for "removal," and Carey told how time and again the would-be assassins lay in wait for Mr. Forster, and were only prevented from carrying out their purpose by some little accident. The assassins were then instructed by their leader, a mysterious individual known to them only as "Number One," to concentrate their attention upon Mr. Burke, and Carey says that he had no idea that Lord Frederick Cavendish was also to be murdered. He described in minute detail the circumstances of the assassination, admitting that he himself gave the prearranged signal with a white handkerchief which informed the actual murderers that their victim was approaching. He saw Joseph Brady stab Mr. Burke, and with the other assassins afterwards consorted with "Number One," who ordered the knives used in the bloody work to be destroyed. Carey said that the Invincibles always had plenty of money, and that his own impression was that it came from the Land League treasury.

Carey's disclosures threw the prisoners into confusion, nearly all of them appearing greatly dejected, while Burke was especially affected. The informer's testimony closed the Government's case, and upon its conclusion twenty-one of the prisoners were committed for trial to answer the charge of murdering Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The trial will occur at the April term of the Commission Court, before Justice O'Brien and a special jury, under the Crimes Act.

The Dublin revelations naturally produced a great sensation in Parliament. The Conservatives promptly brought out the fact that the P. J. Sheridan, who organized the "Invincibles" in Dublin was the same man who conducted the "Kilmainham treaty" negotiations, and proposed an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the Throne declaring that, in view of the confession of the Irish assassins, no further concessions should be made to lawless agitation. The Government, of course, opposed the amendment, arguing that there was a general agreement with regard to the policy that ought to be pursued. The sensation of the debate was a fiery speech by Mr. Forster, who charged Mr. Parnell, in so many words, with heading an organization which had started an agitation that promoted outrages and incited to murder. While admitting that Mr. Parnell did not plan the outrages, he declared that his speeches, in which he had said that murder was unnecessary, really prompted them; that he had connived at their commission and had reaped advantages from the agitation. Mr. Parnell's reply to this arraignment, which he took a day to consider, was awaited with great curiosity. He accused Mr. Forster of great unfairness, declared that he had nothing to defend himself from, and that he occupied a better position in the eyes of the Irish than Mr. Forster did in England. Mr.

Parnell also analyzed Carey's evidence, which he claimed was not a statement of fact, but only of belief or hearsay, and was already being disproved. Mr. Trevelyan, who succeeded Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary for Ireland, defended the Government's policy, which had reduced the number of murders from three monthly to one in the last four and a half months. He said that the adoption of Mr. Gorat's amendment would lead to the resignation of Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and himself, as well as of the Cabinet. After further debate the amendment was rejected, and the Government sustained by a vote of 259 to 176, the Parnellites abstaining from voting and two Irish Home Rulers going with the majority.

The Cabinet crisis in France has at last been ended by M. Jules Ferry's formation of a new Ministry. The Premier assumes also the duties of Minister of Public Instruction, and most of his colleagues were members of either the Duclerc or the short-lived Fallières Cabinets, the new men being: M. Goldeck-Rousseau, Minister of the Interior; M. Martin-Feuille, Minister of Justice; and M. Roynal, Minister of Public Works. The Prime Minister has declared it the Government's first care to satisfy the wish of the Chamber by applying the law of 1834, under which the Princes would be deprived of their military posts, that being considered all that was necessary for the present. Measures would, however, be proposed against the utterance of seditious cries and against the authors of seditious placards. The Government programme also included measures to facilitate the execution of public works, the organization of a protectorate in Tunis and the reduction of the expenses of the occupation of that country. The foreign policy of the Government, according to the new Premier, will be peaceful, but not necessarily one of inaction. Decrees enforcing the law of 1834 were promptly gazetted, the Princes whom it will retire from the army being only the Duc de Chartres, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc d'Alençon.

The troubles between the German Government and the Pope are not yet ended. The Emperor William sent the Pope a conciliatory letter, offering to modify the attitude of the Government towards the Church, but Cardinal Jacobini, the Papal Secretary of State, replies that it does not go far enough. He bluntly declares that there is only one alternative: Either Prussia must consent to a thorough revision of the May Laws, or she will deprive the Catholic Church in Germany of the very conditions of existence. A further interchange of letters is in progress.

SOME of the cadets at the Naval Academy at Annapolis who were connected with the recent outbreak have made acknowledgment of their fault, and will therefore escape punishment. Most of the principal offenders are still under restraint. The action of the Academy authorities has been none too severe, considering the aggravating nature of the offense with which they were called to deal. Acts of insubordination admit of no paltering on the part of those in control of an institution in which obedience to law is the fundamental principle of all the instruction given.

THE report of the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the *Jeannette* adds the last chapter to the history of that ill-fated Arctic expedition. Little that was new has been brought out in this official investigation, and the public will indorse the conclusions of the Court that the loss of the vessel was inevitable, and that the conduct of officers and crew—alike those who perished and those who survived—merited the highest praise. Indeed, there seems to have been but one serious mistake about the enterprise, and that was, that it should ever have been begun, as its like should never be again attempted.

THE "bosses" are still omnipotent in Pennsylvania. The Lower House of the Legislature has just rejected a Bill to improve the civil service of the State by adopting the provisions of the National Act on the subject, and we may expect that the Rings, which have so long flourished at the expense of the Commonwealth, will gather fresh courage and new vigor from the rebuff of their enemies. But there, as elsewhere, relief will ultimately be secured, and the cormorants and incompetents who now debauch the public service will be sent to the rear, as they deserve, in disgrace and confusion.

It is stated that the Western Union Telegraph Company proposes to lay pneumatic tubes in an up-town avenue with a view of sending messages through the city in that way and ultimately abolishing the poles and overhead wires if it shall be found practicable to do so. The idea is to send messages written on the company's blanks, to and fro, inclosed in cylindrical boxes of the same diameter as the inside of the pipes, with compressed air as the motive power. There is no reason why this experiment should not succeed, and once successful here, the adoption of the system in other populous centres would speedily follow.

THE late ex-Governor Morgan will need no monument to commemorate his generous sympathy with every enterprise looking to the promotion of sound morals and the improvement of the condition of the unfortunate. By his will he gives \$75,000 to religious, educational and charitable objects, \$200,000 being given to the Home and Foreign Missionary work, \$200,000 to Union Theological Seminary, and so on; and these bequests will constitute a more enduring memorial than any shaft that could be reared over his grave. The world is ruled by the intellectual and moral

forces, and the man who, being dead, yet contributes by his character and legacies to the invigoration of these forces is a benefactor whose name is sure to be gratefully embalmed in the esteem of posterity.

THE Yellowstone National Park is one of the greatest wonders of the world, and the Government is bound to preserve it as the pleasure-ground of the nation. Shrewd speculators have been quick to see the possibilities of gain by securing exclusive rights in this rich domain, and there has been great danger that the disgrace of a Niagara given over to petty extortionists was to be repeated in this vast preserve. Happily the House has prevented such a scandal by inserting a clause in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill which prohibits the Secretary of the Interior from leasing any portion of the Park, and annuls any agreement in that direction already entered into, besides authorizing the Secretary of War to detail troops enough to prevent further ravages by trespassers. The Senate can scarcely refuse to concur in this very proper provision.

THE short potato crop in Ireland, combined with the disturbed condition of that unhappy country, is likely to cause a large increase in the emigration to the United States, which of late years has been small in comparison with the great numbers arriving in the years following the famine a generation ago. From England, too, the present year promises to bring us a larger contingent than we have been accustomed to receive. A careful London correspondent goes so far as to predict an emigration movement from Great Britain towards the United States during 1883 such as has not been seen since the wonderful days of the gold fever, when over 1,356,000 people left the United Kingdom within four years for this country and Australia. Fortunately for the poor of the Mother Country, the United States can still furnish homes for millions of immigrants.

"JERSEY JUSTICE" has again vindicated itself in the punishment visited upon the president, cashier and bookkeeper of the City Bank of Jersey City, whose forgeries, embezzlements and criminal mismanagement wrecked that institution, and also involved a neighboring savings bank in ruin. Their offenses were brought to light on the 10th of January, and six weeks later, finding that the prosecution had conclusive evidence of their guilt, the trio made a virtue of necessity, pleaded guilty to the indictments against them, and were sentenced respectively to ten years', six years' and five years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State Prison. All three had been regarded as men of integrity, but they proved the worst sort of thieves, and the spectacle of their treatment like other criminals will do much to insure the fidelity of bank officials in New Jersey. If justice were done as impartially and promptly in other States against all offenders of this class, there would be some ground to hope that the crimes now so prevalent would speedily become less common.

FRAUDS and irregularities in the management of elections appear to have become almost universal in New Orleans, the Democratic operators having acquired even greater facility in the manipulation of returns than was possessed by their carpet-bag predecessors. The United States Grand Jury, which has been for three months investigating charges of fraud at the last election in that city, has discovered that by the legal votes cast the majority of the candidates on the Independent ticket were chosen, but that the boxes were stuffed so as to elect the present Democratic City Government and entirely annul the expression of the popular will. As a result of the investigation, bills of indictment were found against some sixty election officials, and the same parties having also been indicted in the Parish Criminal Court, there is a prospect that the offenders may receive the punishment which they deserve. The best men of the Democratic party in New Orleans, seeing the necessity of ridding the party of the influences which have too long debauched it, have heartily co-operated with the authorities in their movement against the corrupt election officials, and it is possible that the city will not again be disgraced by such wholesale rascalties as have just been exposed.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

THE Charleston *Courier* of February 19th has this Personal Note: "Mrs. Frank Leslie and her party were called upon by Mayor Courtenay, Mr. Geo. W. Williams, Mr. C. S. Gadsden, and other prominent citizens, yesterday. During the forenoon Mrs. Leslie availed herself of the only opportunity that her brief stay in the city offered to pay a visit to Fort Sumter. She was accompanied by Mr. Chas. Upham, the artist, and other members of her staff, who secured sketches of the interior and exterior of Sumter, Fort Moultrie and other objects of interest in the harbor. Mrs. Leslie goes hence this afternoon to Florida, where she will spend a week, and will then go to New Orleans, whence she will return to New York. It is her purpose to write a series of articles upon the South, and to publish them, with illustrations, in some of the publications which she controls. The Southern people have good reason to remember the kindly sentiment which first emanated from FRANK LESLIE'S during the Greeley campaign. It was in that campaign that the vilification and abuse of the South which had been so fashionable in the Northern journals of civilization was first checked, and no one journal did more to effect this change than FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Mrs. Leslie expresses herself as delighted with what she has seen in the South, which she has not revisited since the days of her childhood. She said yesterday that she was glad to be able to state that about one-third of the contributors to her publications were Southern women, and that she was glad to see that the women of her native land were coming to the front in literature."

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

CONSIDERABLE contributions have been made in Germany in aid of the flood sufferers in the Ohio Valley.

It is thought that the final action in the Mexican Reciprocity Treaty will be postponed by the Senate until December next.

THE Senate has adopted the joint resolution for the termination of the articles of the Treaty of Washington relating to fisheries.

THE Senate has agreed to the appropriation of \$1,000,000 in the Naval Bill for the purpose of completing the four double turreted ironclads.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, a member of the first Star Route jury, has been indicted on a charge of accepting \$100 to vote for the acquittal of a bunko sharp.

COMMANDER GORRINGE, who is to take charge of the Reading shipyards, which have been bought by a syndicate of capitalists, has resigned from the navy.

A REVOLT occurred in the Sing Sing prison last week, over a hundred prisoners refusing to do their tasks, and serious trouble was for a while threatened; but the leaders lacked nerve, and quiet was finally restored.

THE Joint Library Committee of Congress recommends the purchase for \$500,000 of four blocks east of the Capitol for the new library building; also an appropriation of \$500,000 to begin work on the building.

THE steamship *Morro Castle*, of the Clyde Line, running between New York and Charleston, S. C., was burned at her pier in the latter city, on the 21st of February, the vessel and cargo being a total loss. The officers and crew escaped.

THE Nebraska Legislature has voted for a new capitol to cost not more than \$450,000, and made general appropriations pretty recklessly, although the State debt is already \$500,000, while \$300,000 is the limit fixed by the Constitution.

SEVERAL students of Dartmouth College, becoming dissatisfied at the action of a professor, serenaded him with tin horns and then pelted his residence with snowballs. As a result of the affair thirty members of the sophomore class have been suspended.

At a convention in Boston, last week, a National Citizens' Law and Order League, having for its object the enforcement of the laws relating to the liquor traffic, was formed with F. F. Elmdorf, of Chicago, as President. Delegates from eight States took part in the proceedings.

THE United States Life-saving Service relieved nearly 35,000 persons whose safety was threatened in the Western floods. The dispatch steamer *Hayer* made trips over submerged lawns, orchards and fields. In one instance she was able to go a mile away from the regular boundary of the Ohio River.

THE Lower House of the New Jersey Legislature has rejected the proposed Constitutional Amendment to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. A Bill proposing a high license system has also been rejected. The liquor interest in that State seems to be practically omnipotent.

THE House Committee on Commerce have submitted a long argument in support of their new River and Harbor Bill. The report criticises the veto of the Bill of last session by the President, and declares, with supreme audacity, that all the appropriations made in that Bill were proper and necessary.

In the Star Route conspiracy trials further damaging evidence has been given by Rerdell, one of the accused. His evidence connects ex Senator Dorsey with the conspiracy so conclusively as to admit of no glimmer of doubt as to the latter's guilt. There are rumors that two of the jurors have been "fixed" by the defense.

THE prisoners in the Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., made a preconcerted attempt to escape one day last week by a revolt and setting the shops on fire. For a time there was great tumult and excitement, but the refractory convicts were finally subdued and placed in close confinement—the fire, however, having meanwhile destroyed the prison shops, entailing a loss of \$500,000.

THE House of Representatives, last week, inserted an amendment in the Sundry Civil Bill, providing that no part of the Yellowstone Park shall be leased to any person, and declaring that agreements already made shall be canceled. The House of Representatives has also adopted an amendment to the Bill repealing the pre-emption laws, which have been found to operate in favor of speculators and against actual settlers.

THE Senate last week passed the Tariff Bill, which it had so long been considering, by a vote of 42 to 19. Its provisions are very unsatisfactory to the iron and steel interests, and a caucus of House Republicans decided not to attempt its passage in its present form, but to try to secure a vote of non-concurrence and a consequent reference of the whole question to a committee of conference. It is exceedingly doubtful whether any action regarding the tariff will be finally taken at this session. The House has refused to pass a Bill reducing the internal revenue, and the entire subject of fiscal legislation is in a most involved condition. Both parties are maneuvering for position, regardless of the public interest.

#### Foreign.

THE Ministry were defeated at the general election in Australia last week.

THE German Colonial Society intends to colonize Fernando Po with Germans.

TWENTY-TWO persons were drowned last week by the wreck of a steamer in the Bosphorus.

HACKISUKA, ex-Danilo of Awa, has been appointed Envoy to France, Sweden, Spain and Portugal.

THE British Government has again asked Spain to release the Cuban refugees surrendered at Gibraltar some months ago.

THE German Bundesrath has approved unanimously the Bill prohibiting the importation of American pigs, pork and sausages.

KING ALFONSO of Spain accepts a proposal to act as an arbiter between Colombia and Venezuela on the question of their respective boundaries.

THE British Government has announced its purpose to move the appointment of a committee of both houses of Parliament to inquire as to the expediency of the construction of a Channel tunnel.

THE heart and other vital parts of the body of the late Pope Pius IX were removed, last week, with solemn ceremonies, from the crypt in Rome, where they have been deposited since his death, and placed permanently in a marble urn near the tomb of the Stuarts.

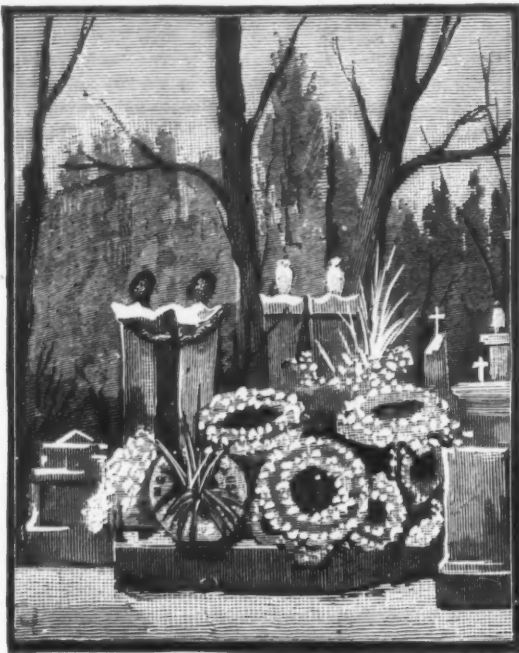
THE French flag is flying on the northwest coast of Madagascar. The natives are very much irritated, and the Prime Minister has begged the foreign residents of Tamatave not to venture into the interior. The French Admiral on the station has been ordered to suppress rigorously any attempt to resist the rights of France on the island.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



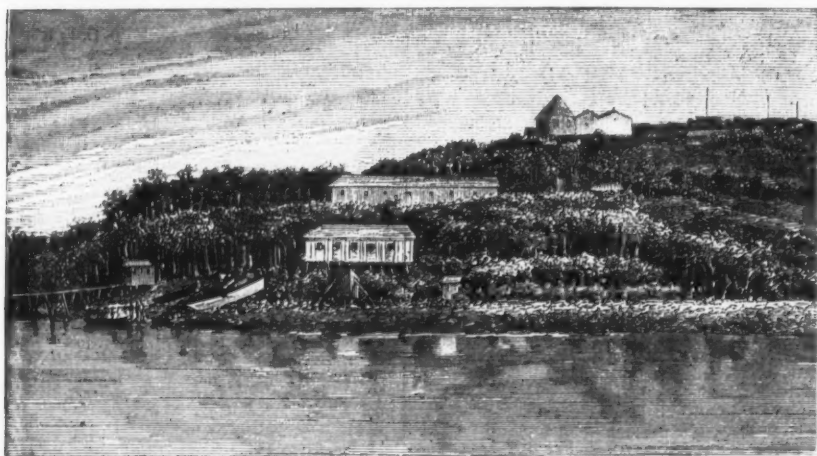
FRANCE.—THE COUNT DE PARIS, HEAD OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY.



FRANCE.—DORÉ'S GRAVE IN PÈRE-LACHAISE, PARIS.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE REV. CANON WILKINSON, BISHOP OF TRURO.



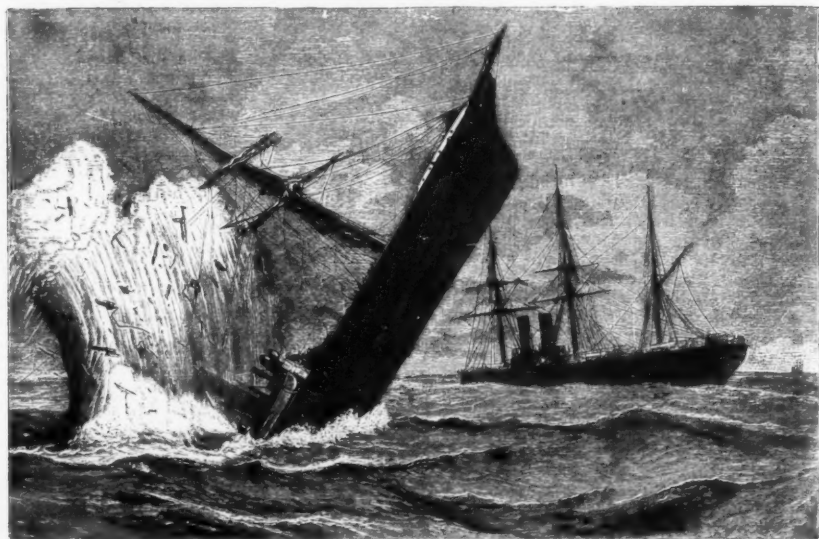
TERRA-DEL-FUEGO.—THE FRENCH METEOROLOGICAL STATION AT ORANGE BAY.



RUSSIA.—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY (OLD STYLE), 1883.



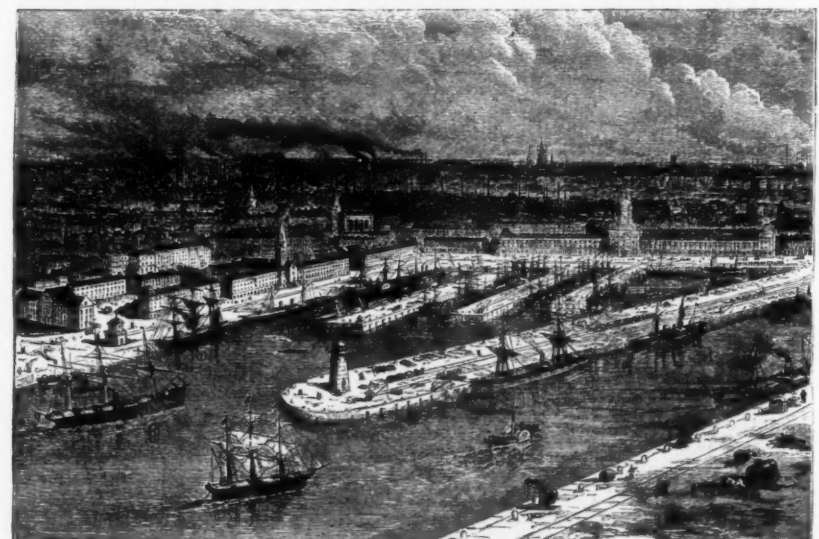
GERMANY.—STUDIO OF THE CROWN PRINCESS IN THE CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE AT BERLIN.



SHIPWRECK OF THE FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER "LA PICARDIE," JAN. 18TH. THE STEAMER GOING DOWN STERN FOREMOST.

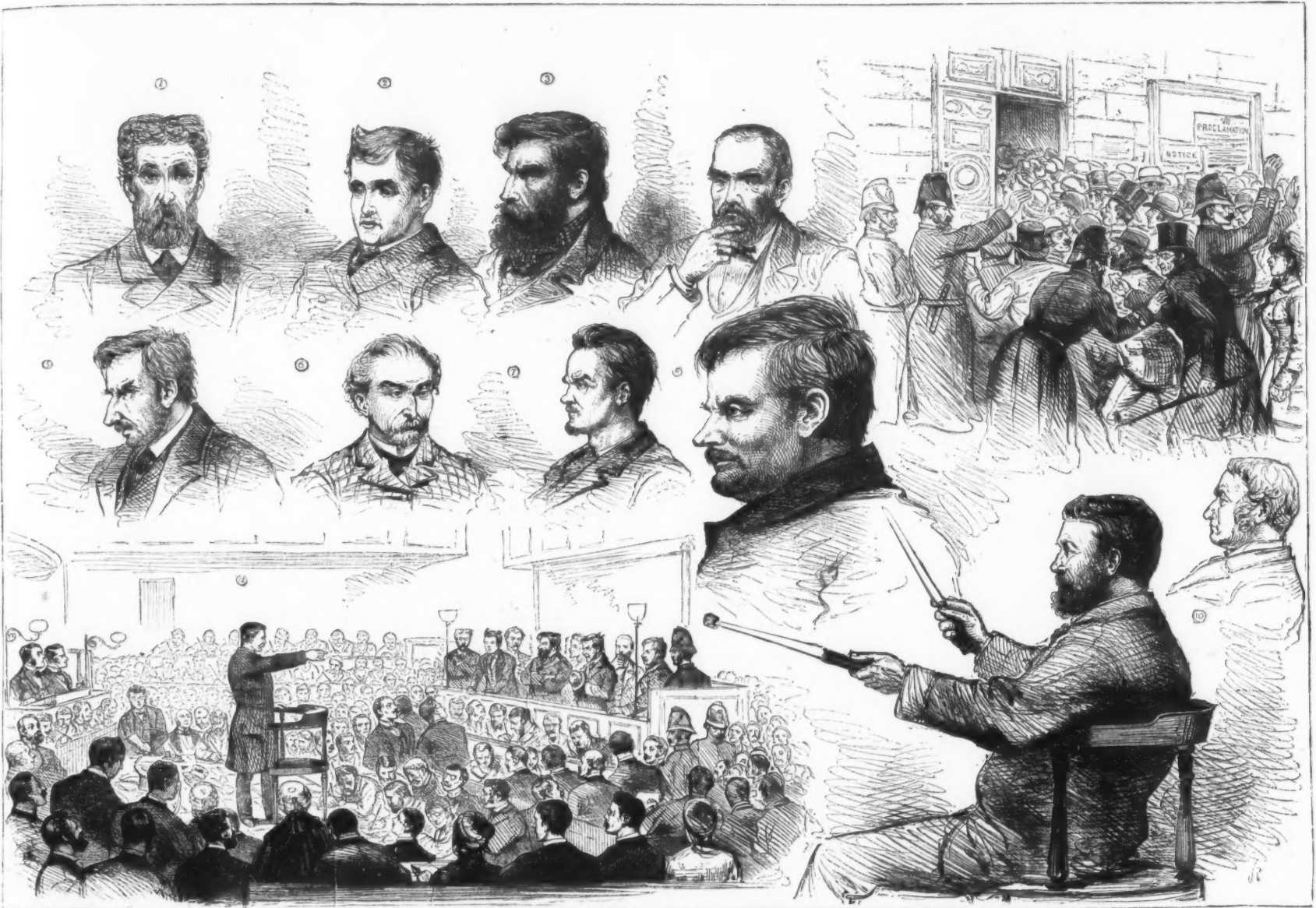


ZULULAND.—RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO—THE MILITARY ESCORT CROSSING THE TUGELA, ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE KING.



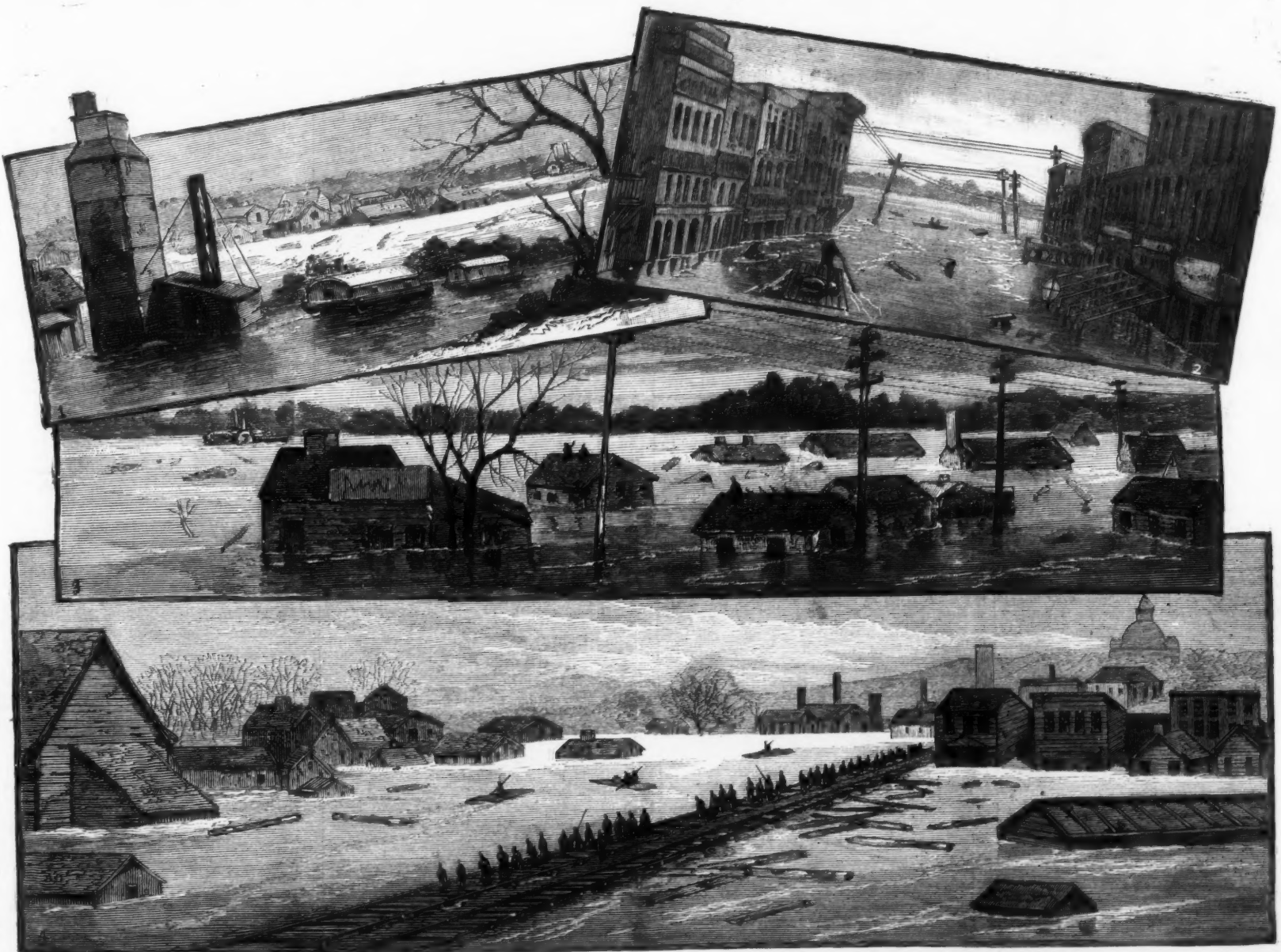
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PROPOSED MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL—INTENDED DOCKS AT MANCHESTER.





1. James Carey, in whose house the knives and rifle were found. 2. Timothy Kelly. 3. Edward O'Brien. 4. Edward M'Caffrey. 5. Peter Carey. 6. Peter Doyle. 7. Laurence Hanlon. 8. Joe Brady. 9. Inspector Smith showing the knives found in Carey's house. 10. Surgeon Porter. 11. Public seeking admission to Court. 12. The witness Stephen Hands identifying the prisoner Edward O'Brien.

IRELAND.—EXAMINATION, AT KILMAINHAM COURTHOUSE, DUBLIN, OF PRISONERS CHARGED WITH COMPLICITY IN THE PHENIX PARK MURDERS.—SEE PAGE 23.



1. View of the head of Main Street. 2. At Fourth and River Streets. 3. On "The Point," from Head Island. 4. On "The Point," with the Short-line fill in the centre.

KENTUCKY.—SCENES DURING THE RECENT FLOODS AT LOUISVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY D. J. ETLY.—SEE PAGE 26.



## "'49": The Gold-seeker of the Sierras.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

### CHAPTER V.—"JUST ONE LITTLE SONG, LOVE."

*Then sing the song we loved, love,  
When all life seemed one song;  
For life is none too long, love,  
Ah, love is none too long.  
Then sing the song we loved, love;  
Love, just that one sweet song.*

*Ay, life is none too long, love,  
And life is none too long;  
So when above my grave, love,  
Some day the grass grows strong,  
Then sing the song we loved, love;  
Love, just that one sweet song.*

*Yea, love is none too long, love,  
And life is none too long;  
So when they bid you sing, love,  
And thrill the joyous throng,  
Then sing the song we loved, love;  
Love, just that one sweet song.*

THIS is the little melody which old "'49" had taught Carrie to sing in concert with himself at every Christmas Eve. This is the song that he and his far-away wife had agreed to sing together at the hour of midnight, though seas and continents divided them. And he, for his part, had kept his promise for nearly a quarter of a century. He did not know, could not know, how she had kept hers. He only knew that he was gray and old and broken now; and the sad refrain took on a deeper meaning each year as he drew nearer to the grave.

*"For love is none too long, love;  
Ah, life is none too long."*

And yet he still dreamed of the waiting young wife at the door of his Western cabin home; saw more clearly, it seemed, than ever before, the little boy-baby crouching and reaching its arms from the cradle; still fondly dreamed from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, that he would strike gold yet, and return and take them to his heart.

And so the old man struggled on, hoping he would strike it yet in that damp, dripping and dreadful old tunnel. He could not work so hard now; and more than once these three—the old man, Carrie, and the great bony, slobber-mouthed dog—were out of bread. And so when they would have nothing to eat, old "'49" was only too apt, by hook or crook, to have something to drink.

It was this wretched poverty, as we have seen, which drove Carrie to singing and dancing once more for the miners. This took her to Dosson's saloon and wellnigh kept her there, too, where she had to put up with all the insults of Old Mississip, and endure the sneers and insolence of the reputed heiress, her so-called daughter.

It was about this time that the young man whom the old lawyer had sent out to seek the heiress first came to this camp. He had not come directly to Sierra, as the old lawyer had desired him. The grief of his mother at their separation made such a profound impression on him that he had resolved to first find his father's grave, if possible; or, at least some trace of his life or death in the mines of California.

Singularly enough, he found that he had set out for this same mining camp many and many years ago, had entered this camp, and so far as he could learn, had never left it.

On the brow of the hill looking down from the dusty stage road through the dense pines, he met two weary, worn and bearded miners in shirts and boots. Shirts and boots and beards seemed to be about all that was visible of them, while they had their blankets, picks, pans and kettles on their backs.

He stopped these prospectors long enough to inquire if they knew a Mr. Devine in that camp. And while they stood staring at him from behind their beards, he proceeded to tell how many years before Devine had come into that camp—a tall, handsome gentleman—and never was heard of afterwards.

The two men exchanged glances. Then, the elder of the two took him by the sleeve, led him to the edge of the road, and bending a little to look under the hanging boughs, pointed with his brown and hairy right hand away down towards the mouth of the cañon to two little white spots by the side of a great dead oak on a little rocky ridge, and said:

"Stranger, that's two strangers' graves."

Seeing how this had moved the young man, the younger of the two thought to say something kindly; and, as they hoisted their packs a little higher on their backs, and set their faces up the hill, he said back over his shoulder, as they climbed up the steep road:

"Yes, them two came to this camp and never left it; two tall, handsome fellows, years and years ago."

"What's their names? Nobody never knowed, stranger. But everybody was powerful sorry for 'em; they died under that dead tree; and one was a holdin' of the other one's head, as if to sort o' help him, like."

That night, some drunken miners passing up the trail below the two white graves, were certain they saw a dark figure moving about on the rocky ridge; and so they stepped high and hurriedly on their way.

"'49," looking out of that low little window, also beheld something that night. But he did not mention the circumstance to any one. In fact, he saw the object but dimly, for his eyes were old and weak now. And then the trees, at last after so many years, were growing up between his window and these two ghastly white graves that had so haunted him all these years. He was glad of this. Oh, he was so glad!

He had always felt that, so long as two bald

white graves kept watch there at the mouth of the cañon, he could never pass out of it to the civilized world beyond. These graves were as the tops of two mighty pillars of a great gate that shut him up in prison for ever.

But now, Nature had come to help and comfort him. The oak was dead; but a growth of pine, as is always the case on the California foothills, was taking the place of the departed oak. They would soon hide these two glaring white graves utterly.

This man, with his morbid memories, felt that he could breathe more freely, stand up straighter, step more firmly, when these two graves that had lain there, bald and white, in moon or sun, storm or shine, for nearly twenty years, should be hidden for ever in the green, cool foliage of the pines.

The next day, young Devine, after a night of watching and prayer on the rocky ridge by the two nameless graves, resolved that with the approach of evening he would enter the saloon where Belle was to be found and forthwith make his mission known.

He dressed himself with care. For, in addition to being always elegant in his apparel, he felt somehow that he ought to approach this young girl with every consideration and token of respect.

It is just possible, too, that there might have been at that time a vague idea that it was in the cards to win this wealthy girl's heart, lift her to his position in life, and at the same time secure his own fortune, as Gully had advised. Who can guess what were his thoughts, with the picture of his dead father running counter-current through his brain, as he approached the saloon on that memorable night.

A motley crowd it was that he found there, loud and coarse and vulgar; not at all like the men of the olden days of gold. He wore a tall, silk hat; a dangerous thing for a stranger to do on entering a mining camp. Men stared at him. They were not absolutely uncivil; but they certainly held him in great contempt from the moment they set eyes on his hat. He wished to speak to some one, and seemed at least to be sociable. Still thinking of his father with a touch of tenderness, and seeing old Colonel Billy with his battered hat on his left eye, he accosted him, and asked if he ever heard of a Mr. Devine who came to California in '49.

A Mr. Devine? A Mr. Devine? Was he a gospel sharp? A hymn-howler? No offense, I hope. Thought he might a' been, you know, from the name," said Colonel Billy.

"No; no offense," said the young man, relaxing the fist that half-doubled as the colonel spoke.

"Did you ever know a man by the name of Devine?" he asked of a tall, bony, old man who stood on the edge of the crowd, and who swayed like a leafless pine that had died and refused to fall.

The old dead pine stopped swaying a moment and answered: "Devine? Devine? Any relation to—?" And the bewildered old man lifted his head upwards in dazed and helpless inquiry. Then shaking his head he was blown back into the crowd; while a sympathetic knot of old miners looked at the young man and shook their grizzled heads, but did not answer.

"Looking for a needle in a haystack, young man. If that was his name, it's just the part of a reason that it ain't his name now. You see we baptize 'em over and give 'em new names, titles and surnames, when they come to California," observed a man with a mashed nose and a short leg.

There was a rustle of silk at that moment, while a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. Old Mississip, with her daughter, the dark, low-browed Creole girl, entered and took their places at the faro-table.

This girl was supposed to belong to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the Southwest. It was a moment of intense interest to Devine. Her face did not indicate high blood.

"And why is this young lady called Belle Sippy?" he asked of the short man, with the mashed nose.

"Don't know, 'cept it's 'cause her mother's name is Mississip."

The man limped away from this stranger, who seemed to be a walking interrogation point, and over his shoulder referred him to Colonel Billy; and Colonel Billy holding on to the bar lest the floor might move from under his feet if he attempted to stand still, referred him to old "'49."

"He's been here since these hills was a hole in the ground; and what he don't know about anybody ain't worth knowin', stranger. Ask him when he comes; he'll be here in this 'ere saloon with Carrots, by-and-by," continued Colonel Billy. Then spitting cotton and making many signs of being very dry he went on:

"But it's my opinion, as a lawyer—my professional opinion—that she's no more her daughter than I am." And he nodded to Belle. The old colonel blinked and blinked as he spoke; and at the end of his speech looked at the young man as if seeking to find a name for him. He looked first at his feet, then up and up till he saw his hat. Then with a laugh, he blurted out, "No more her daughter than I am, Mr. Beaver."

"Signor," said Donna Juanita, a picturesque Spanish woman, as she drew her cigarette from her red lips, and looked at the pale face of the gentleman, "Ze red is ze winning card."

"By Gol!" chimed in a capper, "a dandy come to town," as he looked up from the game, over his shoulder, at the stranger.

"Dandy Beaver! Gentlemen, Mr. Dandy Beaver!" said the colonel, setting his white hat on his head.

"Dandy Beaver! Down your bets, Dandy Beaver," shouted the dealer, and gayly tossed his cards; and the man, looking straight at the newcomer, leaned forward, and playfully tapped the cheek of the girl.

"And in such a place as this, and with such people! What hideous familiarity!" Devine

fairly caught his breath and fell back amazed at the audacity of Dosson, as he touched the girl's cheek.

"All down! The game's made! Roll!" Again the coin clinked, the cards flew in the air, and the pretty Spanish woman and gayly-dressed Mexicans smoked their cigarettes and played with desperate intent.

"But where's Carrie?" exclaimed old Colonel Billy. "I didn't come here to gamble and to drink. I came here to see Carrie, and hear her sing. Now, where is Carrie? That's what I want to know."

"That's just what I'd like to know, too. I declare that Injin brat is more trouble to me than all the camp," shouted Mississip.

"And who is this Carrie?" queried Devine, who was anxious to introduce himself to the notice of Belle.

"Oh, she's a wretched, ragged thing, that hain't got a cent," was Belle's reply, accompanied by a contemptuous toss of the head.

"Got no father, got no mother, got nothing," said Mississip, savagely.

The game had stopped. There was a storm outside. Perhaps these people were wondering where that child was. It was an awkward pause after the woman spoke so bitterly. The people began to roll cigarettes, and fall back and gather in groups about the saloon.

"That's a 'Frisco chap," observed Dosson. "Take a drink, mister?" said the woman, pointing to the bar.

"No, thank you, I don't drink."

"Don't drink! Well (hic) he's not from 'Frisco," hiccoughed Colonel Billy.

"You are the proprietor of the—of the City Hotel?" said Devine, civilly, as he approached nearer, and endeavoring to be courteous.

"I am the proprietor of the City Tavern, the only hotel; and I let the rooms, bet your sweet life," replied the virago.

"Rooms!—(hic)—rooms! Rooms not quite big enough for bedrooms (hic) and a little too big for coffins," said Colonel Billy.

"Can I spend the evening in the hotel?"

"Certain, certain! That's what this 'ere hotel was fitted up for. You see in the Sierras we like to be as comfortable and as nice as in 'Frisco. But this parlor is used for a good many things. Now, this is the parlor of the City Tavern. This is the ladies' sitting-room." Here the Spanish lady bowed. "This is the gentleman's sitting-room." Here Colonel Billy bowed profoundly. "It's the eatin' house, and it's the dead-house."

"Dead-house?"

"Ay, Dead house."

"Right there; I've seed seven of us laid out to stifle on that 'ere table," said Colonel Billy, looking grim and ghastly at the recollection.

"Oh, yes; but what's the use of a killin' of men in the house. It always interferes with the game. If you wants to kill 'em, kill 'em outside. Down your bets! All down! Try your luck, mister? There's the ace of diamonds; as pretty a card as ever held a twenty-dollar piece."

"No, I promised my mother to reform; and I will keep my word with my mother," said Devine.

"Mother, eh? Ha, ha! Hear him, fellows. He's got a mother. He's going to keep his promise to his mother," laughed the faro dealer.

Colonel Billy arose, steadied himself, lifted his hat respectfully, and began slowly and earnestly: "Boys! boys, I tell you, respect that young man! Respect the man that respects his mother! Let no man profane the name of mother here. We old miners never knew friends so true as our mothers. We men who came to the Sierras thirty years ago left the world behind us. Our fathers forgot us. Our sweethearts married and left us. But our mothers waited, and waited, and waited; and then went to heaven to wait for us there!" And as the man pointed upward, the miners took off their hats and bowed their heads.

### CHAPTER VI.—"TOTAL WRECK."

*We are wreck and stray, we are cast away,  
Poor, batt'led old hulks and spars,  
But we hope and pray, on the Judgment Day,  
We will strike it, up in the stars.  
We will strike it, up in the stars,  
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold,  
Y'et oft do we pine  
For the days of old,  
For the days of gold—  
For the days of Forty Nine.*

"ALL down! Down your bets! The game is made! Roll!" roared the low-browed monster in the mountain den, as she sat at the faro table flourishing a card over her head.

"Mississip, where is Carrots? I didn't come here to gamble and get drunk. I came to see her and (hic) hear her sing," says Colonel Billy, as he spread both his broad hands on the table and leaned on them heavily, emphasizing his former question.

"Where's Carrots? Out with old '49," when she ought to be, at work. Oh, won't I make it hot for her when she comes in! Roll!" Colonel Billy totters away, muttering over his shoulder aside to the miners.

"Bet the old cat has got her locked up in that 'ere cellar. I tell you, boys, we ought to do something for that little gal, even if she is a saucy imp, and all that. Old '49' can't keep her any more. You all think he's rich, eh? Think he's got a mountain of gold (hic) eh? Well, boys, he's got something dearer than gold away back yonder in the States—a wife and a baby. Why, if he had money he wouldn't stay here a minute. No, he's too poor to even feed Carrots. He's all busted up and about starvin' himself. That old tunnel. Humph! She has to go to sing and dance to get a bit of bread. Total wreck, total wreck." And the red nose of Colonel Billy having run its course about the room like a comet in the heavens, comes back to the bar, whence it started, and entreates the barkeeper for a drink. The barkeeper shakes his head. Mississip also refuses, and the red nose again goes on in its orbit about the den as the man mutters, "Total wreck! Total wreck!"

Meantime through a door by the bar, saunters in the best dressed man in the Sierras. He is fragrant as an apothecary's shop. His broad Californian hat is a little on one side; a pistol is on his hip, and a bowie knife in his belt.

Charles Devine starts as at an apparition. It is Gully. Yes, Tom Gully. Tom approaches the girl familiarly. He sits at the card-table as if he owned the place. The red comet has completed another circle of the den and is back at the card table.

"Oh, go 'way and don't bother the game," cries Mississip.

"You had better order your coffin (hic) before you try it. I'm one of the old 'uns, I am. Don't care if you do carry a bowie. I came to this 'ere camp too early in the mornin'. Why, you only came here last month and you think you own the town. Put me out! I should radiate. Used them things for toothpicks in '49 and Spring of '50," hiccoughs the colonel as Gully lays a hand on his bowie-knife.

"Well, Colonel Billy, if he wants to put you out he will," pipes in Belle, from the other side of the table.

"Your humble servant, miss, but he don't want to, he don't want to (hic) put me out," bows the colonel, politely.

"No, no, he don't want to; do you, dear?" leers the girl.

"Not if he behaves himself, my darling," answers Gully, with considerable familiarity.

"Well, all I want to know is, Mississip, where's Carrots, and why don't you get her clothes like this one's? Carrots does all the work and Belle wears all the clothes."

"Because Belle is a lady and Carrots is nothing but a little saucy Injin, and don't deserve good clothes. And now d'ye mind that? The Injin!" cries Mississip.

"Injin, Injin! Well, she's the whitest Injin I ever seed. A red-headed Injin. Say (hic) Belle's blacker than forty Carrots."

"Now you—" and with a fearful oath Gully is on his feet and his hand is on the bowie.

"Why don't you pull it? I want to see it; hain't seed a bowie since '49. Bah, you coward!"

As the two stood glaring at each other a voice was heard above the storm outside: a feeble, piping voice as if some one was trying to sing and be merry under difficulties.

"That's Carrots! That's our Carrots, boys!" cries the colonel.

"That hateful Carrots. The men all turn from me to hear her sing. The hateful singe-cat. I despise her," mutters Belle.

"That's Carrots! That's Carrots; and old '49,' my chum, ain't far off," chuckled Colonel Billy, as he turns from Gully with contempt and indifference.

"I don't know what '49' sees in her," says Belle spitefully to the comet, as in its orbit it passes by where she sits.

"Don't see what '49' sees in her? Why, he sees in her, soul (hic) heart, humanity. She's the sunshine of his life. She's the champagne and cocktails of this 'ere camp, too."

And here enters Carrots, singing snatches of songs, a bow and arrows in her hand, her dress all torn, her hat hanging by its strings over her shoulders, and her hair unkempt. Flourishing her bow and arrows, she cries out to Colonel Billy:

"Knocked a chipmunk clean out of a pine-top, Colonel Billy. Yes, I did! Old '49' was with me up yonder. Yes, and he's come home by his tunnel to give my flowers to old sick Jack. Le here in a minute."

Mississip strode across the room towards the girl, and the miners gave way before her.

"She's broken up the game. Here!" And she seizes Carrots by the hair.

"Oh, oh! Now, you jest let up! Let down! Let go!" cries the girl.

"Give me that, and tell me where you've been!" roars the virago.

"Oh, please, Mississip! Please let go my bow and I'll never, never, never—" and here the girl slips from the clutches of the old monster with her bow and arrows still in her hand. Placing an arrow in her bow quick as an Indian might, she draws it on Mississip: "You old hippopotamus! Notion to knock you like I did the chipmunk!"

"You imp! You Injin!" cries Gully, from behind as he cuffs her and takes the bow and arrows, and angrily and hastily places them out of her reach behind the bar.

"Now, you ever dare touch that bow and arrows again, and I'll skin you alive," shouts Mississip.

"Can't I have my bow? '49' made it for me. It's mine. Why can't I have my bow?" pleads the girl, with mock humility.

"Yes, why can't she have her bow?" cry the miners in chorus. But the enraged woman turns and starts for them and they shrink in terror.

"No, you can't have your bow!"

"Well, Belle's got a beau; think you might let me have mine." And the miners joined her in a quiet chuckle.

"Here! Come here!" cries the old monster, as she seizes Carrots again by the hair. "Now, do you get into the kitchen there and stay there till them dishes is washed, or down into the cellar you go. Do you hear, you brat? You beggar!"

"Shame! Don't kill the gal!" says Colonel Billy.

"Mind your own business!"

"Well, this is my business."

"Bite me, will you?" And here the old woman strikes her and throws her in a corner.

The miners start to help, but Mississip drives them back, and they retreat in a corner together as "'49," wet and dripping, enters the saloon. He has a squirrel in his hand. He is tall, strong, and has a voice like a lion.

"Phew! Plenty water for the miners now. Phew! What a storm. But I found her, Colonel Billy."

Colonel Billy kicks out at Mississip, and the



poor girl in the corner, while the miners all endeavor to attract his attention to her.

"Yes, I did. And where do you think? Why, away up the mountain, yonder, nearly as high as the snow; and pickin' of flowers for old sick Jack, and a singin', too, like a robin, all to herself. Ha, ha, ha. And that's the way I found her. And a comin' back she shot that squirrel with her bow. Knocked its eye out away up in the top of a pine. But where is she?"

Here poor little Carrots attempts to rise, but Mississipp forces her back, while the miners signaled "49" to look.

"Now, what's the matter with you all? And where's the old hippopotamus?" continues "49."

"Where's the old hippopotamus, eh?" roars the woman. "Well, here she is, and I'm just going to stamp the life out of this brat!" And she again flings Carrots on the floor. "And you dare not interfere."

"49" rushes up the room. He seizes the virago and holds her at arm's length. He does not speak for the space of a minute; but he looks her full and steady in the face till, like a wild beast, she is, at least, in a measure, conquered. Then, relaxing his hold, he merely says:

"Oh, I guess not."

"You! You! I'll pizen you."

"What's that? Say?"

The man again takes hold of her. Slowly, silently, he leads her to a chair and forcibly seats her.

"Now, you take an old man's advice and let that gal alone. What right have you to strike her anyhow?"

"Well, I brung her up, and I—"

"Brung her up? Yes, on sage brush."

And here Carrots rises from the corner where the old woman flung her, and, crossing the room, hides from Mississipp behind "49." Young Devine looks on with wonder—disgust—admiration. He gazes at the flashing and fragrant Gully, and wonders if design or accident brought him here before him and made him the friend of the unsuspecting heiress. He is wondering how he shall now proceed to best perform the mission on which he was sent.

(To be continued.)

#### ANOTHER TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

A SHOCKING catastrophe occurred on February 20th in the Roman Catholic School attached to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer at No. 198 East Fourth Street, New York city, by which fifteen children were killed and many others more or less seriously injured. The terrible slaughter was due to a panic, which seized the hundreds of little ones upon the discovery of a slight fire in the building. The structure is a five-story brick one, with two class rooms on each floor except the first, and there were about 700 children in the various rooms, when at a few minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon the flames broke out in a little closet on the second floor. The alarm soon spread throughout the building, and the frightened boys and girls, most of whom were under ten years of age, rushed for the stairways. Escape by the eastern one was cut off by the fire, and so a general rush was then made for the western. The halls and stairways are all narrow and dimly-lighted, and the scene was one of frightful confusion. The greatest pressure of course came upon the stairway leading from the second to the first floor, and while it was densely packed with the terror-stricken crowd the dimly wooden banister suddenly gave way, and scores of the poor children fell down to the marble flags, and were piled one on top of the other, some dying and others struggling for life. The children continued to rush down from above, and either fell into the heap or managed to trample over the prostrate forms and make their way out. The fire proved a trifling one, and the flames were speedily extinguished, but it was a long time before the firemen and police could bring any degree of order out of the confusion. When they had at last reached the bottom of the struggling, shrieking mass of human beings which lay upon the floor, it was found that no less than fifteen of the children had been either suffocated or trampled to death. The victims were nearly all the sons and daughters of Germans living in the neighborhood, and the distress, as fathers and mothers recognized their children in the dead-house which was improvised at the nearest police-station, was terrible in the extreme.

#### THE ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND.

WE illustrate on page 21 a scene in Kilmainham Courthouse, Dublin, on the 3d of February, when eight of the prisoners charged with being concerned in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were under arraignment. The illustration shows one of the witnesses in the act of pointing out Edward O'Brien, "That one—the third from the end," among the front row of prisoners in the dock, as one whom the witness and his wife had seen lying about in the Phoenix Park a few minutes before the foul deed of assassination was done. Inspector James Smith, of the Detective Police, appears in this picture holding the two long knives which were found, with a Winchester nine-shot repeating rifle, hidden in a loft of the house occupied by the prisoner James Carey, who is a Town Councillor of Dublin; while Surgeon G. H. Porter, who first examined the dead bodies of the two murdered gentlemen, is present ready to depose that the wounds and cuts of their clothing were such as these knives, with blades ten or eleven inches long, would be likely to have made.

The disclosures made during the examination by Carey and others, fixing the guilt of several of the persons arraigned, gives a peculiar interest, at this time, to this picture of the principal characters and incidents of the hideous affair.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Count de Paris.

The Count de Paris is the chief of the House of Orleans. He was born in 1838. In 1861 he, with his brother, the Duke de Chartres, came to the United States—the war of the Rebellion had just broken out—when the two brothers served as aide-de-camps on the staff of General McClellan, then in command of the Army of the Potomac. During the Franco-German war of 1870 the Count de Paris, in common with the remainder of his family, vainly besought permission to serve in the ranks of the French Army. After the repeal of the exile laws he re-

turned to France, where he now lives in retirement, having given himself up to literature, and taken no part in the recent political movements.

##### Dore's Grave.

The remains of Gustave Doré were interred in a family grave at the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise, Paris, on the 25th of January, the religious service having been celebrated at the church of Sainte Clotilde. The chief mourners were the two brothers of the painter, MM. Ernest and Emile Doré, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Michel. On the coffin were placed numerous bouquets and wreaths, among which was one from the Society of French Water Colors, and another from the Committee for the Monument of Alexandre Dumas, upon which Gustave Doré was engaged at the time of his death. Three orations were pronounced at the grave, including one by Alexandre Dumas.

##### The Rev. Canon Wilkinson.

The Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, recently nominated as Bishop of Truro, England, is in the fifty-first year of his age, having been born in 1832. He is an Oxford man, having been educated at Oriel College, where he graduated B.A. in 1855. Two years later, in 1857, he took Holy Orders, and was curate at Kensington from 1857 to 1859. He soon became conspicuous for his energy and self-devotion in the cause of the poor, no less than for his unassuming manners and the fervor with which he attended to his religious duties. After holding two livings in succession, at Seabam Harbor and Auckland in Durham, he was appointed incumbent of St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, Westminster, in 1867. After three years of hard and unremitting labor there, he became, in 1870, vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, which, under his exertions, became the centre of a wide circle of beneficent influence. In 1879-81 he was a Select Preacher before the University of Oxford. In 1878 he was appointed Canon of St. Peter's in Truro Cathedral; and in 1880 Proctor for the diocese of London. The new Bishop is the author of several devotional works.

##### The French Scientific Expedition.

The members of the French Magnetic and Meteorological Expedition to Cape Horn have established an international observing station at Orange Bay, in Terra del Fuego, where they arrived in September last. Our illustration, from a photograph, shows the aspect of the station. On the summit of the hill are the astronomical cabins, beside which are placed a pluviometer and an actinometer. The large house in the middle distance forms the officers' quarters, while the lower building is for the sailors. Along the shore other structures partly shown in the illustration, a stockade for the tidal register, and an isolated tent for absolute determinations. The magnetic observations will be made partly by instruments which will be read directly—absolute determinations of declination, inclination, horizontal force, etc., and partly by means of regulating apparatus. The other duties of the expedition consist in astronomical and meteorological observations.

##### New Year's Day at St. Petersburg.

We give an illustration of the Czar and the Imperial family receiving the salutations of the civil and military officials at the royal palace at St. Petersburg on New Year's Day, corresponding with us to the 13th of January. New Year's eve is celebrated everywhere throughout Russia with a grand feast at midnight, and the day thus ushered in is given up to the interchange of civilities. The peasants crowd around the doors and throw corn and beans into the faces of their masters, wishing them a prosperous and fruitful year, while in higher social circles other forms of enjoyment are indulged in, the festival being sometimes continued for four or five days. In court circles the first duty of New Year's Day is, of course, to tender the Emperor "the compliments of the season," and this year this duty seems to have been performed with peculiar heartiness.

##### The Studio of a Crown Princess.

The studio of the Crown Princess of Germany, of which we give an illustration, is a large room in a detached wing of the palace of the Crown Princess at Berlin. The studio has windows on the north side, towards Unter den Linden, and so arranged that a top light can be got for the models. The Crown Princess prefers oil colors, but water-color is equally familiar to her hand. She painted a picture in this medium, at the Crimean War time, for a fund in aid of the wounded, and she has kept up her practice ever since. She is now one of the honorary members of the British Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and at its Exhibitions she is all but a regular exhibitor. She has painted portraits of her husband and children, as well as of her brothers and sisters; but her efforts are not confined to portraits. Landscapes of the scenery that she has most enjoyed in Italy, on the Riviera, and in other regions of famed natural beauty, show not less artistic talent. She has also proved herself a sculptor.

##### Wreck of the "Picardie."

The *Picardie*, a large steamer belonging to the General Transatlantic Company, left New York for Havre on the 21st of last December. On the 29th the ship was off Newfoundland and in a terrific gale, which lasted without intermission till the 31st. On that day a sea broke over her, smashing the bridge to pieces, flinging the captain and six men into the debris below, and fracturing the leg of the first lieutenant. The *Picardie* lay at the mercy of the waves till the 11th of January, when the mail steamer *Labrador* hove in sight and took the disabled vessel in tow. Three times did the towing chains break, and every instant the ship was lower in the water which had gained on all sides. On the 13th of January six brave men and two officers of the *Labrador* volunteered to fasten a fourth cable, and to save the mariners on board the ill-fated *Picardie*. They set out on their mission of danger—almost certain death—and of mercy, and had only just taken the last man off when down by the head went the *Picardie* at an angle of fifty degrees, in obedience to the laws of equilibrium, for though she was heavily laden aft, she went down forward.

##### Cetewayo's Restoration.

King Cetewayo, who has now been reinstated in his kingdom, was conveyed in a British vessel from Cape Town to Port Durford. There he landed, and was duly escorted by a detachment of British troops to Umtata, where Sir Shepheard Smith personally handed over to him the reins of Government. The escort, which served the purpose both of a guard of honor and of showing the natives that the King was being restored under British protection, was mainly composed of the Sixth Enniskillen Dragoons. Our illustration represents the troops crossing the River Tugela on their way to meet the King at Port Durford.

##### The Manchester Ship Canal.

The long-talked-of project of connecting Manchester with Liverpool by canal has at last come to an issue, and the plans of Mr. Leader Williams, an eminent English engineer, have been accepted. The enormous traffic between these two cities has long proved too heavy for the railways, numerous though they be, and now it is proposed to utilize the river Mersey, the river Irwell, and the river Weaver, together with a couple of small lakes, and connect them together by a canal, as in the case of the Caledonian Canal in Scotland, which runs from Banavie to Inverness. The cost is estimated at \$25,000,000, to which we may safely add \$10,000,000 for "contingencies." The canal is to be completed in four years. We give an illustration of the proposed dock at Manchester, which will be on the Salford side of the Irwell. It will have an area of seventy acres, and will be entered by gates 80 feet wide. The dock gradually widens to 1,350 feet, terminating in four branch docks, with wide quays between them, and sheds for the stowage of goods.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Maine Senate has passed a Bill allowing women to vote on school matters.

—GOODE, the man who assaulted Queen Victoria in 1837, recently died in the Bedlam Asylum.

—THE Massachusetts Senate has rejected a Bill providing for free text-books for the public schools.

—THE King of Bavaria, last week, visited Wagner's tomb alone at midnight, and remained a quarter of an hour.

—THE California Legislature has passed an "anti-railroad" Bill, which aims to protect life and property and head-off subsidizers like Claus Spreckels.

—THE force of police guarding Mr. Gladstone has been doubled. A strict watch has been ordered to be kept over the premises occupied by him at night.

—THE departmental report on Indian affairs in the Dominion says that much progress has been made during 1882 in the civilization of the Indians of the Plains.

—FOURTEEN French bishops have been summoned before the Council of State for publishing a Papal decree placing certain treaties on education in the Index Expurgatorius.

—FIVE of the persons arrested in connection with the murder of Professor Palmer and party in Egypt last year, have been sentenced to death, and the others to from three to fifteen years' imprisonment.

—REPORTS from all points in Wyoming Territory agree that the loss of cattle and sheep is comparatively small, although they have suffered severely from the cold. The weather is now bright.

—THE Florida Legislature has accepted an invitation to send delegates to the New England Manufacturers' and Merchants' Institute at Boston next Summer, and has appropriated \$3,000 for that purpose.

—SECRETARY FREELINGHUYSEN has asked the German Government to let a commission of German experts come over here and examine our slandered pork before the authorities carry out their threat of prohibiting its importation into Germany.

—THE financial budget for the next fiscal year in Mexico, as prepared by the Minister of finance, is: Receipts, \$35,000,000; expenditures, \$27,000,000. Of the expenditures, the War Department gets \$8,500,000; Treasury, \$4,600,000; Public Works, \$7,500,000.

—THE recent rains and thaw have been as welcome in parts of New England as they were disastrous in the West. The rise in the Merrimac River has enabled the Manchester (N. H.) mills to resume operations after a compulsory stoppage of several weeks.

—THE Supreme Court of Illinois decides that no man is obliged to clean the sidewalk opposite his house. The case was that of a resident of Bloomington, who allowed the snow to accumulate in front of his property, and, being fined under a city ordinance, appealed to the Court.

—A NOVEL spectacle in a Baptist church of Brooklyn on a recent Sunday was the immersion, by the pastor, of a lady seventy-one years of age, the ceremony being witnessed by the aged mother of the convert, who on the 17th of March will celebrate her one hundred and second birthday.

—THE herring fishery off the New Brunswick coast was never better than at present, and the takes are literally tremendous. Fully 150 fishing-smacks—a large number being American—were to be seen in the offing at St. John the other day. The catches of some smacks are reported to be as high as 50,000 fish.

—GENERAL JAMES S. BRISBIN, who was the next cavalry officer in rank to General Custer, has caused a sensation by declaring, in a lecture out in Montana, that the Custer massacre was a useless and unnecessary sacrifice, brought about by Custer's desire for glory and promotion and his disobedience of General Terry's orders.

—SIMON SHRIMPPLIN, a farmer living near Farmersville, O., a few days ago, cut an old apple-tree in his yard, and when splitting it found imbedded in the trunk a small case, which, on opening, he found contained forty-eight bright twenty-dollar gold pieces, making a all \$960. How the money got there is a mystery, as it was imbedded to the depth of eight inches in the wood.

—EUROPEAN immigration is tending very largely towards Mexico. According to Vera Cruz Custom House returns, nearly 11,000 immigrants entered that port during the past year, of whom the greater proportion were Italians and Spaniards; 2,178 are put down to American account. The Europeans are chiefly attracted thither by the multiplicity of new railroads projected or in process of construction.

—A SHARK ten feet long and weighing between one and two hundred pounds was recently washed ashore at the Life saving Station at Amagansett, Long Island, and has been sent to Washington. Professor Baird, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, pronounces it of a very remarkable species, never before seen on the American coast, and known only by a single specimen caught years ago on the coast of Portugal.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

FEBRUARY 17TH.—At Albany, N. Y., George Dawson, formerly and for many years editor of the *Evening Journal*, aged 72; at Princeton, N. J., Rev. Dr. Lyman H. Atwater, long a professor in Princeton College, aged 70; at Batavia, N. Y., Moses Taggart, formerly a leading lawyer and judge, aged 84; at Fort McKinney, Wyoming, Major Verling K. Hart, United States Army. February 18th.—At Jamesport, N. Y., James H. Cornwell, ex-Police Justice of Brooklyn, aged 62; at San Bernardino, Cal., H. Crittenden, formerly of St. Louis, and extensively interested in real estate in Illinois, Missouri and New York; at New Orleans, La., Henry Roushau, a leading cotton dealer, aged 70. February 19th.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles W. Godard, a prominent Republican politician, aged 62; at Peekskill, N. Y., Hiram Jones, an old resident. February 20th.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Captain William Donohue, a well-known steamboat man; at Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Dr. William Sudards, for forty eight years rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, and for the last three years its pastor emeritus; at Richmond, Va., General P. T. Moore, a Confederate Brigadier-General, aged 62; at Quincy, Ill., Samuel J. Medill, for many years managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. February 21st.—At Morristown, N. J., Moses A. Broodfield, a well-known resident, aged 82. February 22d.—At Albany, N. Y., Stephen Hutchins, a well-known journalist, aged 46; at Westchester, Mass., Dr. Joseph N. Bates, a prominent physician, aged 72; at Williamsport, Pa., James Gamble, formerly judge and member of Congress, aged 74; at New Orleans, La., Charles Bleton, a native of France and graduate of St. Cyr, formerly an officer in the French Army, and for the past two years editor of the *Res*, aged 61. February 23d.—In New York city, Rev. Dr. Paul A. Chaboureaux, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, formerly President of Williams College and a prominent educator, aged 69; at Concord, N. H., Luther Robey, the oldest printer and publisher in the State, aged 83; at Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Fanny Driscoll White, a promising poetess.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria has undertaken the education of Wagner's son, Siegfried.

A LADY, Miss S. C. Clark, has been appointed Treasurer of a savings bank in Exeter, N. H.

OSCAR WILDE is reported to be studying for the stage, and one of his first efforts will be *Romeo*.

THE wife of General Rosecrans was recently stricken with paralysis, but is now slowly recovering her health.

ISMAIL, the ex-Khedive, is going to live in England. He has purchased Caen Towers, Highgate, a luxurious mansion with twelve acres of ground, for \$450,000.

PRESIDENT GREY had fine sport this season in the woods of Rambouillet. There are few Frenchmen of his years who can handle a gun as he does, or who have his love for it.

THE will of the late George F. Wilson, of East Providence, R. I., contains a bequest of \$100,000 for Brown University, and one of \$50,000 for a professorship in Dartmouth College.

ABIGAIL DODGE (Gail Hamilton) has been offered by Governor Butler a Trusteeship of the State Workhouse, at Bridgewater, Mass. in place of Mrs. James T. Fields, resigned.

It has been proposed that, instead of erecting a monument to Wagner, a fund be collected to maintain the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, and it is expected that large subscriptions will be received for the purpose.

ELLEN, the eldest daughter of Daniel O'Connell, whom she has survived thirty six years, died recently in a London suburb. She was the widow of Christopher Fitzsimon, an Irish barrister and once an M.P. for Dublin.

H. J. GLENN, of Princeton, Cal., the largest wheat raiser in the State, and Democratic candidate for Governor in 1879, was murdered a few days ago by H. Miller, a bookkeeper whom he had just discharged for inefficiency.

By the will of a Boston lady, lately deceased, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell receive \$20,000 each as the representative woman suffragists, and it is said they will use the money in advancing the cause.

THE late ex-Governor Jewell of Connecticut made provision that fresh flowers be sent to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Strong, in her Western home, every Saturday as long as she lives, and set aside a sum of money for that purpose.

THE Rev. Charles Babbidge has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate at Pepperell, Mass. Mr. Babbidge is said to have been "the first chaplain to speak words of comfort to a dying soldier in the war for the Union."

GEORGE O. BARNES, the "Mountain Evangelist" of Kentucky, sailed for Europe last week. He will begin religious services immediately upon reaching London, and he intends to travel in every land where the English language is spoken.

BENJAMIN F. BANCROFT, of Salem, N. Y., has given to the Presbyterian Church there a handsome chapel, in memory of his late wife. The late Samuel Harlan, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., bequeathed \$23,000 to charitable organizations in that city.

THE State of Rhode Island having voted \$7,500, and the City of Newport \$5,000, the citizens have pledged the remaining \$2,500 required for the \$15,000 naval statue to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lake Erie fame, who was a native of Newport.

In some respects the most successful writer of the age is W. S. Gilbert. His comic opera librettos have yielded him already half a million dollars. He is building one of the handsomest and most original houses in London, and accumulating art treasures to adorn it.

THE late ex-Governor E. D. Morgan of New York, left an estate valued at \$6,000,000, and his will bequeaths \$795,000 to various charitable and educational institutions, including \$200,000 to the Union Theological Seminary, and \$100,000 each to the Presbyterian Boards of Foreign and Home Missions.

THE municipality of Rome has placed a memorial tablet in the house which Professor Samuel F. B. Morse inhabited in that city in 1830. The Syndic has informed the American Minister that the unveiling of the tablet will be deferred until the wishes of the American colony in regard to the ceremony are made known.

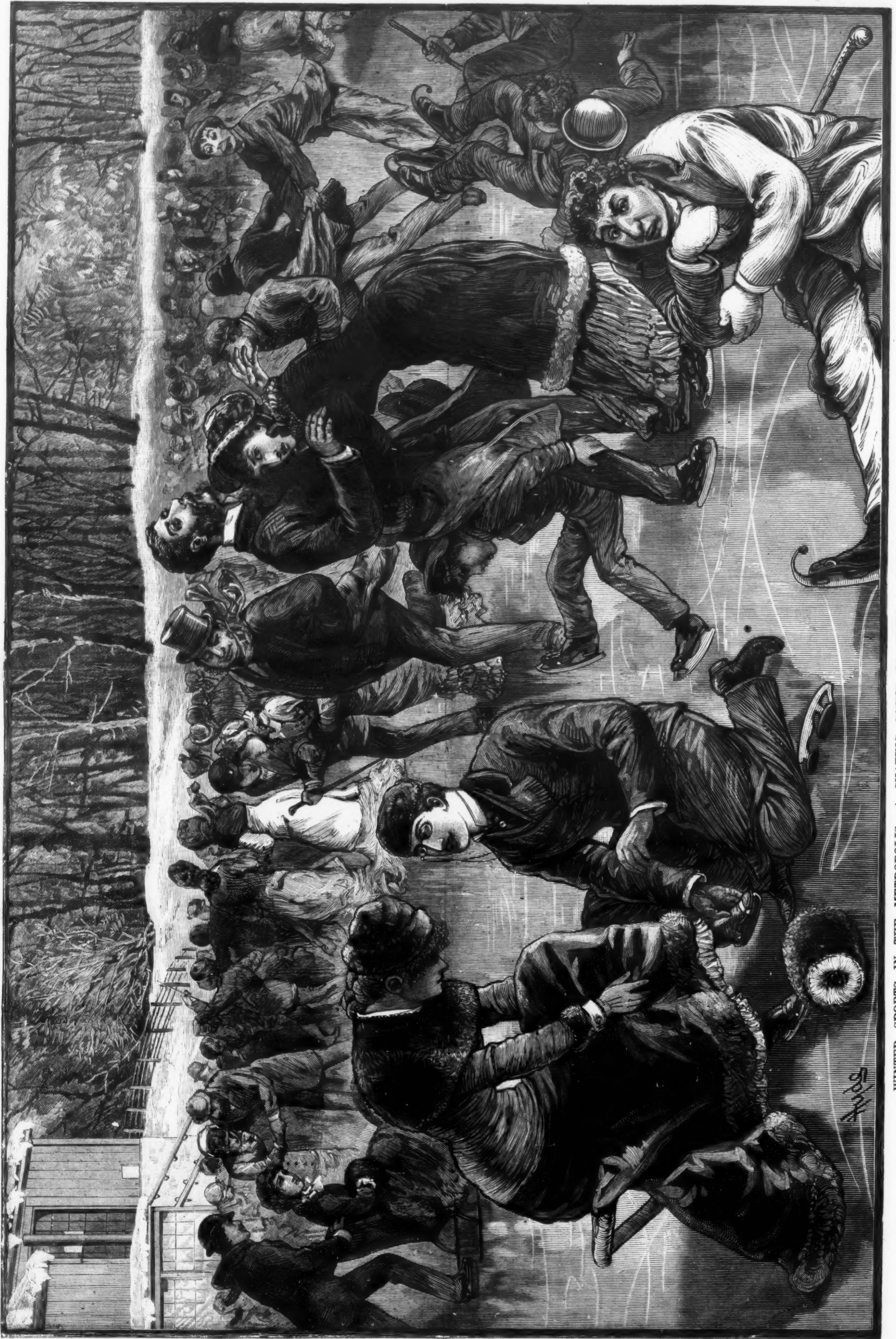
IMMEDIATELY after the adjournment of Congress, Senator Edmunds will join his wife and daughter in the South, where they have been visiting for some time. They will then go together to the Pacific Coast by the way of New Mexico, spend the Summer in Oregon, and come home in the Fall by the Northern Pacific route.

THE death is announced, at the age of sixty-three, of John Owen, "Owain Alaw," the national bard of Wales. He had for many years taken a prominent part in Welsh musical education, and was always successful as an instructor. He had assisted at all the Eisteddfodau held in Wales for thirty years, and had composed an oratorio, "Jeremiah," which has long been extremely popular in that country.

THE irrepressible Mr. Whistler has started London gossip afloat by opening a collection of his etchings in an apartment in Bond Street, which is gotten up in the most eccentric fashion ever seen. The walls are lined with white felt, and the chairs, benches and curtains are covered with yellow hangings. The attendants are also rigged out in yellow. The catalogue, to be thoroughly in keeping, is made up of mock notices from the *Times* and the other London papers, intended to ridicule the critics.

At the recent reception in honor of Police Justice Patrick Gavan Duffy, who, after six years' service, has been reappointed for a ten years' term, a letter was read from Rev. Howard Crosby testifying his warm appreciation of the public career of that official. Dr. Crosby said: "I have always found Judge Duffy a faithful and upright upholder of public order, and it is certainly a matter of congratulation when such persons, in spite of wanton abuse and bitter denunciations, are elected to responsible offices. I have reason to believe that Judge Duffy's new term of office will be marked by a sincere regard to the public interests, and that his party allegiance will go no further than any honorable party would wish, so as never to conflict with judicial impartiality and the rights of the whole people." A letter was also read from Mayor Edson, in which he said: "I not only have felt no regret for my appointment of Judge Duffy to the position of Police Magistrate, but I firmly believe I shall never have occasion to regret my action in that respect. I had never seen Judge Duffy until a few days previous to his appointment, but relied largely upon the recommendations of those who urged his nomination. I believed then, and I believe now, that I was not deceived. I know that, in the light of subsequent events, I should still more readily appoint him to the position he now holds, a position which, I am fully confident, he will fill with credit and honor to himself and the city."





WINTER SPORTS IN THE METROPOLIS.—A SKATING SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.



AFTER THE FLOODS.—THE RETURN TO THE RUINED HOME.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.





## THE BROKEN TOY.

A BROKEN toy! what memories cling  
Around this half-forgotten thing;  
What baby-laughter seems to rise,  
Like old, delightful melodies;  
What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,  
At sight of this poor broken toy!

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!  
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,  
What would we give to hold again  
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain!  
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,  
But thine the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come  
To smile again upon thy home?  
Such little pleasures as we know  
In this, our twilight life below;  
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,  
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot—for ever blest;  
How exquisite thy happy rest!  
How changeless, joyful, and serene,  
Compared with what thy lot had been  
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys  
Are at their best but broken toys!

## THE TWO PASSIONS.

## CHAPTER I.

IT is the foible of a certain class of introspective philosophers to assert that the two passions, Love and Hate, are, at bottom, the same thing—that under proper conditions of soil and atmosphere the seed of Love will germinate and bear the dark blossoms of Hate; which, in turn, fructify, fall to the ground, and spring up again as the beautiful flower of Love. Going still further, they say that all opposing forces in nature are only two manifestations of the same force from different points of view. I shall leave you to judge whether the case of Eugene Upham established or refuted this claim.

Certain it is that he loved Helen Palmer. It is equally certain that he detested—yes—hated her father. Why?

The first reason was much the same in both cases, because the one called forth and stimulated all the good in his nature, and the other forced him to combat his evil passions. In the second place, he looked upon it as an outrage to nature, that such a shrunken, shriveled, miserly, half-specimen of humanity should dare to be the father of the beautiful and blooming girl to whom he had yielded up his heart. And in the third place, because he felt the greedy talons of the old man closing around his little patrimony, and his slanderous tongue staining the purity of his family name.

A year before, Eugene, then a young sprig of medicine, had never looked upon old Cyrus Palmer in any other light than as a possible father-in-law. But, upon his own father's death, everything had changed. He had had business complications with Mr. Palmer, and the old miser, taking advantage of his opponent's death, and Eugene's inexperience in business, had entered suit to recover certain property of which he claimed that the dead man had defrauded him. Worse, he had charged home a forgery upon the unresisting dead.

Eugene fought for the family honor with all the energy of youth. The case was carried from court to court. Lawyer's fees began to eat great holes in his small patrimony. Anxiety began to eat holes in his mind. For all the while he did not know but that he was fighting against his own heart. The fair Helen, who was the real bone of contention, had been hidden away by her father, nor could he get any knowledge of her whereabouts. Half in hope of effecting a compromise, but more with the idea of getting a clew to Helen's hiding-place, he was driven at last to conquer his pride and call upon his persecutor.

He found the old lawyer alone, half-buried in heaps of papers. Two chairs and a desk were the only furniture of the bare little office. Huge musty files of documents festooned the walls, representing who knows how many lives undone to satisfy this man's greed. The dust of ages covered them. Spiders spun webs across them, and sat eying the old man as if they would delight in sucking his blood, and yet welcomed him as one of their own kind. And he, to Eugene most repulsive of all, his lean cheek glistening with a silvery stubble of beard, with the wrinkles of his face making successive steps up to his ape-like mouth; his skinny fingers trembling over his papers, looked up and fixed a pair of glassy blue eyes upon his visitor as he entered.

"Well," he said, abruptly. "What d'ye want?"

"I should like to talk over this matter with you, Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, conquering his distaste; "and see if we can't come to some understanding about it."

"Oh, you've come to beg off, have you?" snarled the old man. "Say what you've got to say! But you'll save my time and your own, too, if you go to my lawyers. I can tell you that to begin with."

The young man flushed up hotly.

"You have mistaken my intentions," he said, haughtily. "I came to talk to you fairly and openly, as between two men of honor. For you know well that there are facts in the case of which the law can have no cognizance. I have borne your persecution quietly so far, Mr. Palmer; but beware how you push me to the wall!"

The old man rose to his feet. "Do you come here," he cried, "into my own house to threaten me?"

"There, there; don't be foolish!" said Eugene, interposing, as he rushed towards the bell. "Sit down, and let us for once pretend that we are friends!"

Cyrus sat down hesitatingly. "I have my eye upon you, young man," he said; "there's

servants within call, remember that. Better not attempt any violence!"

Eugene laughed a hoarse laugh. "Set your mind at ease, Mr. Palmer," he said, scornfully. "I have no intention of periling my soul on your account."

The old man winced as if the stroke went home.

"What I came for is this," said Eugene, looking the old man squarely in the eyes. "I take it from general knowledge of your character that your only object in blackening my father's good name is the desire to make a little money. Am I wrong?"

The old man had recovered from his alarm, and sat shading his eyes with his hand, chuckling at the futility of the inquiry. "Go on," he said, "it does me good to listen to you."

"Very good, then," said Eugene, nettled. "My object in opposing you is to save my father's character. As my chief object seems to be a side issue with you, I don't see why we can't both attain our ends by a compromise."

The old man looked at him with some show of relenting in his eyes. "Young man," he said, "you have missed your vocation; you ought to have been a lawyer. What have you got to propose?"

Eugene turned this speech several times in his mind; but he was unable to tell whether this was irony or not.

"My proposition," he said, at length, "is this. If you will sign a recantation of the slanders you have set afloat about my father, I will withdraw my opposition to your suit."

"Yes, I dare say," growled the old man. "You'd like me to sign myself into jail. But, suppose I see fit to refuse your ingenuous offer?"

"Then, sir," cried Eugene, rising, hot with anger, but he checked himself, and said, sorrowfully, "Mr. Palmer, you best understand your reasons for thus pursuing me. But it becomes me to tell you that in striking me, you strike your daughter—yourself—to the heart. You see in me the accepted lover of your daughter. I demand to know where you have hidden her away! I ask of you her hand in marriage."

Never was a more audacious proposal of marriage made, nor one more ungraciously received. The old man grew livid with wrath.

"Get out of my house, you young puppy!" he cried. "I tell you, you shall not have my daughter; I'll hunt you from the place; I'll crush you first! You, the son of a common swindler and forger, who, if he were alive, I would put in the penitentiary—to aspire to—"

Eugene strode up to him. "Say that again," he said, briefly, "and I'll break every bone in your miserable old body!"

The old man sank down into his chair, pale and trembling. "No violence!" he whispered, holding up his shaking hands, "No—no—violence!"

Eugene stood over him for one brief moment, then restraining himself by a mighty effort, he laughed a thundering laugh and strode away.

It was not long before he had cause to regret that he had not taken summary vengeance on the old man.

The courts decided against him. The hounds of the law were set on, and Eugene found himself an outcast—almost a beggar.

One evening he sat alone in the old house for the last time, musing bitterly upon the fickleness of fortune. "So," he thought, "are we poor mortals hedged around. If we dare to love, we start a black train of hatred that attends, and our lives are desolated; while coward Love, for which we dared so much, runs to hide its head for fear it should be compromised."

His life was at its darkest point. The drama of Hate had come to a crisis, when a ring at the door-bell aroused him from his black reverie.

He went to the door. When he opened it, a female form, closely veiled, glided quickly past him into the parlor as if afraid to trust itself to parley on the threshold. He followed, mystified. His blood beating quick time in his veins.

She turned towards him, and threw up her veil, disclosing the features of his lost Helen. Her features were lit up with the joy of a great resolve. A little nervous laugh escaped her.

"Why don't you say something?" she cried. "Why don't you tell me whether I am friend or enemy?"

He roused himself from his stupor, and caught her in his arms.

"Neither," he said, solemnly; "but more than either. Is it not so?"

And then her fortitude gave way, and she sobbed out her grief upon his shoulder. "Oh, Eugene!" she said, "I never knew a word about it. Father sent me away. I have been watched night and day. I have been kept under lock and key. I laughed at their thinking they could chain love away from me. But last night, by merest chance, I saw an account of the trial in the paper. And then it all flashed over me what they were trying to do. I made up my mind to come to you; and I slipped away and came. Oh, Eugene! it seems so terrible that my own father should persecute you so. I wonder you don't hate me for it. Don't you really?"

He laughed in utter relief from the dark pictures that had been haunting him.

"Well, not consciously," he said. "Maybe it will come out after a while."

"I made up my mind that it was my duty to make up to you for my father's hatred. I wanted to come to you and tell you with my own lips that, though he might take everything else from you, he could never take me. I am yours by a right that is stronger than courts of law." She paused. "I was afraid

you would think me unmaidenly," she added, and her voice trembled a little.

"Helen," he said, solemnly, "a light has come into my life to-night, by whose radiance the persecutions of any man vanish to insignificance. I have been wondering whether it is only a meteor flash that will leave my night all the darker when it disappears, or will it stay by me for ever and brighten up my whole life?"

She trembled, and shrank closer to him.

"Will it shine upon me always?" he asked.

"Will it never leave me again?"

The answer came in a whisper.

"Never, Eugene."

They were married that night, and Eugene felt that he was revenged. He had lost all his worldly goods, but he had gained what was beyond price.

## CHAPTER II.

FIVE years passed away. Eugene began to reap compensations for the evil. The old man's persecutions had been so marked that it attracted public sympathy to him. Prosperity flowed in upon him. Prosperity followed as surely as grain follows the ripening influences of the sun. For five years they lived in the same village without speaking to the old man; and Time, who bore them upwards to prosperity, pressed him down. He grew older, leaner, harder-hearted. Gradually the finger of public scorn veered round and pointed full upon him, and he began to realize that he had sold himself for a weight of gold that was pressing him down into the grave.

After their little girl was born, he began to make futile advances towards reconciliation. Once he stopped the nurse in the streets, and spent a half-hour admiring the little one.

The nurse came home breathless, and recounted her adventure with Hibernian impulsiveness.

"Shure'n he ahtuck his ould nose inside the coach, and leered at the blissed choild as if he would like to ate her. Then he put out his lane ould finger and began to chuck her under the chin. I shpoke up till him then, I did that! Ses I: 'Ye may look at the choild as much as ye loike, but ye'll kape yer hands off her, if yer plaze, fur a babby hain't made or wood, nor yit or iron, though ye might think it.' Thin he whips out a tin-dollar gold piece an' gives it to me, an' sez he: 'This is fur you,' sez he, 'ef ye'll fetch her round forinast me house now an' agin, an' say naught till the missis about it.' But sure and it's not meself that's goin' to lose me place for the loikes ov him."

There was a look of longing in Helen's eyes when she told this to Eugene; but they agreed that it was best to order the nurse to avoid him altogether.

It was not long after that the old man choked down his pride and made a first visit to them.

He rang the bell and asked for his daughter; but she, holding her duty to her husband above everything, sent word that she was indisposed, and referred her father to him.

Eugene received him in his office. It was an awkward interview, reminding him forcibly of their meeting years before. But now the tables were turned. It was the old man who was agitated. Eugene motioned him to a chair, wondering vaguely what tone he would take towards him now.

"I saw your little girl out in the streets the other day," he began, with an effort at an off-hand manner, "and it reminded me that I hadn't seen much—that is, that maybe I'd better call around and inquire a little into your circumstances. Ahem!"

Eugene remarked, "Yes," in a colorless tone.

"Helen isn't well, I understand?" queried the old man, with a little of the old sharpness in his tone. "What seems to be the matter now? I expect you don't treat her right. She'd better have staid where she was well off." He meant to be conciliatory, but the ugliness would come out.

"Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, proudly, "if you insist upon knowing what is the matter with my wife, she is indisposed to meet the slanderer of her husband's father."

The old man winced visibly, and spread his hands in a deprecatory way. "Oh, come, come now, don't let us begin that way!" he entreated. "That's an old matter. We've had time to forget all about that—"

"Mr. Palmer—" began Eugene, but the old man interrupted him.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what I came for. You and I had some pretty hard rubs a few years ago, but I don't bear any grudge against you on that account—not a bit; and to prove it, I am willing to take your little girl and provide for her education, and remember her in my will just the same as if nothing had ever happened. And that ought to be a great thing for you. For though you may mean well enough by her, you know you're not able to bring her up the way my granddaughter ought to be brought up."

Eugene rose. What he would have said no one knows, for at that moment Helen entered the room.

The old man ran towards her with outstretched hands. "Oh, my little girl!" he cried, "did they try to keep you away from the old man? but they couldn't, no. Ah—"

She turned away from him and went to her husband.

"Helen," said Eugene, "you heard his proposition; answer him!"

"Helen," said the old man, pathetically, "don't you know your old father?"

She looked at him as if he were an entire stranger.

"I call no man father," she said, in a low, distinct tone, "who slanders the ancestor of my child, and does not repent. I would sooner she were dead than that the weight of his ill-gotten gold should be heaped upon her poor little head. Let the curse rest where it belongs!"

It was pitiable to see the old man quail and tremble, as her clear, decided tones undermined the foundations of his pride.

"What manner of man are you?" he cried to Eugene, "to turn a man's own flesh and blood against him. Is this your revenge? Well—"

He moved tottering towards the door.

"Father," cried Helen, "take back those vile slanders! Confess that they were untrue! and then—and then Eugene and myself will be glad to forget them."

He turned his face, sour and black as a fallen fiend's, upon them.

"What!" he cried, "take that back! Confess that I lie! No, no, it would only sweeten his cup of revenge. Your father Helen," he stiffened up his old back in pride, "your father never lies." And he stalked proudly from the house.

Eugene watched him go down the street, with a strange softening of the heart towards the man who had injured him, yet whose schemes had recoiled even more forcibly upon his own head.

Helen, too, though she said nothing, began to droop and look sad. The force of her father's sins was weighing her down.

One day Eugene came home and found her in tears; and then, for the first time in her life, she began to upbraid him.

"Oh, Eugene!" she cried, "we are carrying it too far. It is cruel of you to keep me from my father!"

He stroked her hair tenderly. "What is the matter, Helen," he asked; "you know I have no wish to separate you."

"He is very ill," she said. "I have just heard—maybe he is dying; and with nobody to care to him." She broke down. "After all," she sobbed, "he is my own father."

Eugene felt the black hatred dying out of his heart, as he looked upon the sorrowing face of his wife.

"Yes," he said, "after all, there is a limit to all things, even hatred. Come! we will both go to him. Maybe we will be able to save him yet."

But they were too late. They found the old man in bed, literally dying. There was no one to attend him in his last moments but hired servants; and his gold brought him but hard fare now. A roseate flush from the dying sun fell through the westward window and gilded his sharp, emaciated face, now convulsed in the struggle with death, now relapsing into stupor.

He roused himself a little at their approach; stared at them vacantly, without seeming to recognize them, then closed his eyes again.

Presently he began to mutter to himself, "How heavy, heavy!" he groaned. "Mountains of gold! All the air turned into gold, heavy gold, and pressing me down, down, down into my grave! Take it off, somebody! take it off! It will weigh on my soul through all immortality." He started up from bed and then sank shuddering back again. "I couldn't help it," he said, feebly. "Old Upham! the old simpleton! who could help taking advantage?" He chuckled to himself!

"If it hadn't been for his son I wouldn't have done it, young jackanapes!" He groaned and turned in bed. "He'll be waiting for me now. He'll have his wits sharpened now. Oh, yes!" He opened his eyes and stared at them, sprang the full width of the bed and lay shivering with terror. "Ghosts!" he cried. "His ghost! Why do you come to me? I didn't forge the deed! Who says I forged it? I'll deny it at the Judgment-seat. Who says I did it? You lie. Ha, ha, ha." He broke into a wild shriek of laughter, and fell back upon the bed. "My little girl," he moaned, "I did it all for you—all for you. I wanted you to be rich—rich—and you said it was cursed. You left me. Yes—yes," his head drooped more and more, and his eyes closed. "Yes, you were r-r-right!" He sank into a stupor.

The golden sun had fallen behind the distant trees, and the shade of night—the shade of night and death—came in at the window to claim the erring soul. They dropped upon their knees, and in the presence of the All Powerful God, Hate and Love lost their outlines and mingled in heavenly pity.

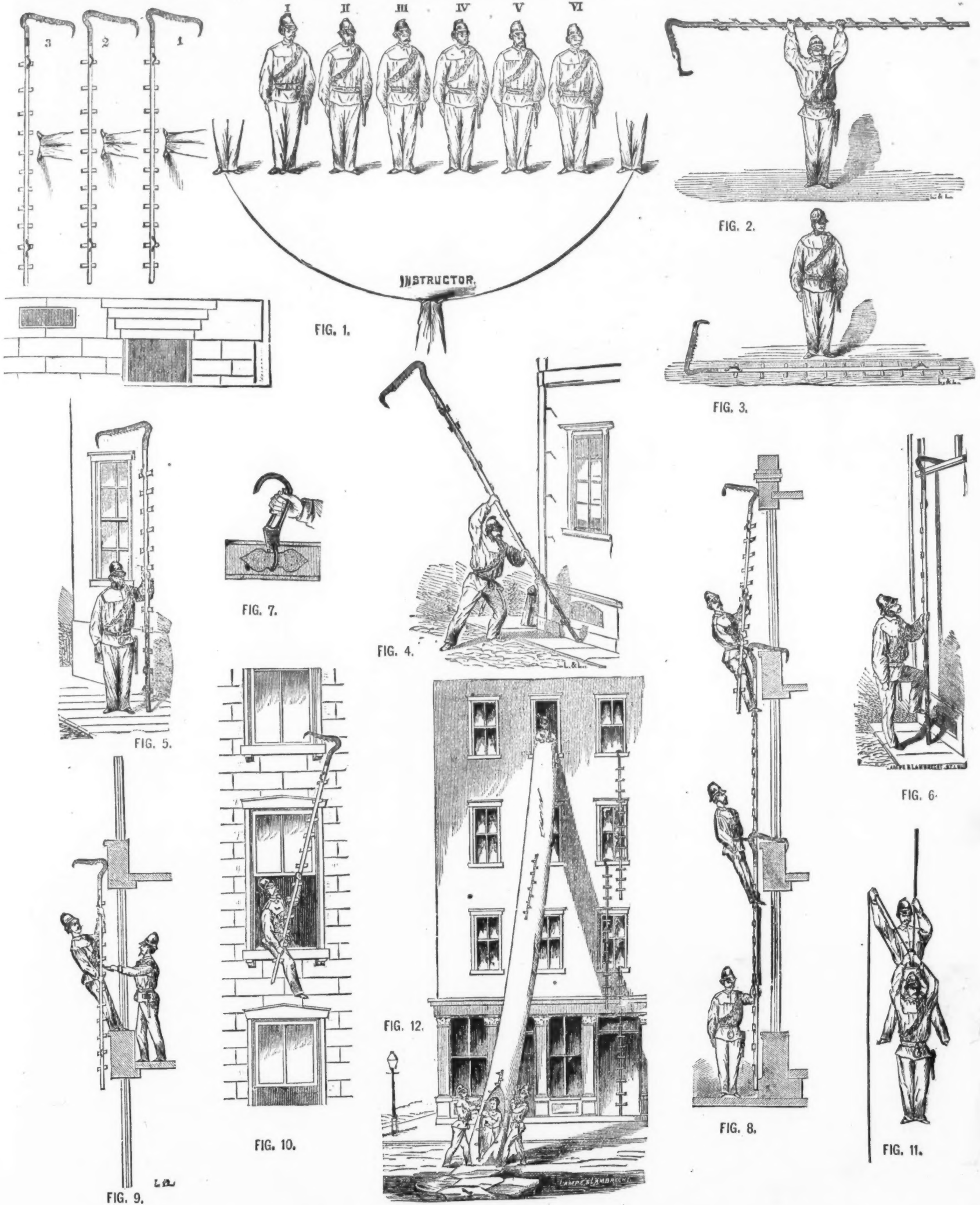
## THE RECENT FLOODS.

THE floods in the West are at last subsiding, and the people of the ravaged districts are able to make a fair estimate of their losses by the inundation. Cincinnati was the heaviest sufferer, and the direct loss to the city from damage to property by the flood is estimated at no less than \$1,000,000. The loss caused by the stoppage of manufactories probably amounts to \$2,000,000, and other departments of business were prostrated to almost as serious an extent. The railroads and steamboat companies did no business except to guard their property from destruction, and merchants, whether their stores were inundated or not, had no trade, for the reason that there were neither mails nor travel, and hence no orders. Counting the indirect losses, it is believed that the total loss to the city by reason of the flood will not fall below \$5,000,000, while it may even exceed that sum.

Louisville also suffered severely from the rise in the Ohio, which reached a higher point than was ever before known. The damage to property within the city is estimated at about \$375,000, and there was great suffering among the many poor people who were driven from their homes by the flood. The heaviest loss occurred on "the point," in the north-eastern part of the city, where an embankment gave way. Three-fourths of the property-owners there lost all their furniture, or at least that which was not washed away entirely was buried in the ruins of the houses and covered by water. Despite the calamity, however, a hopeful feeling pervades the community, and the waters had no sooner begun to subside than everybody was at work to remove traces of their ravages.

Northern Ohio suffered from overflowing streams as well as the lower section of the State. The Maumee, which empties into Lake Erie at Toledo, rose over two feet above the highest water mark, and the damage done far exceeds that by any previous flood. All of the bridges except that of the Lake Shore road were swept away and travel was suspended. The gas and electric light companies were rendered powerless, and on the night of February 17th the city was wrapped in darkness. The country further





NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW LIFE-SAVING SERVICE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—THE APPARATUS USED BY THE CORPS.

up the river also suffered severely, and the floods of 1883 will long be memorable through the Maumee Valley.

#### THE FIRE DEPARTMENT LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE ghastly fire disaster at Milwaukee has created a sensation in fire circles, and men whose duty it is to grapple with this destructive element have set to themselves the task of rendering more effective the system of life-saving at fires. St. Louis leads the way, and the system in vogue in that city has been adopted by New York. Attached to each fire department is a body of picked firemen—veritable athletes—called the Life-saving Corps. Each man in this corps d'élite possesses a record for heroism and bravery, hence the morale of this devoted little band will ever be of the highest. Attached to the corps is a newly invented scaling-ladder, the most important factor in the entire system. This ladder, invented by C. Hoell, a member of the St. Louis Fire Department, is a hickory pole, fifteen or twenty feet long, bound with iron rings inserted at intervals of one foot, and a long iron hook is fastened to one end of the pole. Standing on the street pavement, the hooked end may be thrust through a window on the second floor. The

claw of the hook clings to the inner side of the window-sill, and the teeth on the under side of the hook sink firmly into the woodwork, forming a ladder to the window that a child would not fear to climb. The fireman, on reaching the second floor, can lift up the ladder and adjust it to the floor above, or a second ladder may be handed to him for that purpose. The ladders are light, and weigh but twenty-five pounds. By this system of climbing a fireman can ascend to the roof of any building. Each truck will carry at least six of these ladders, and a few seconds will adjust them to any part of a building. Each fireman will be equipped with an ax, spikes and rope; coolness and presence of mind will do the rest. This newly devised corps is being organized in New York, and has already commenced its drills. There are twelve evolutions in the drill, all of which are illustrated on this page. They include the removal of the ladder from the truck; the grounding of the ladder; the raising of the ladder; the placing of the ladder in position; the first step on the ladder; the adjusting of the hook; the raising of extra ladders in sections from story to story; supporting the firemen from the interior of the building; the adjustment of ladder from lower to upper window; rope service—each fireman can lower a weight of 250 pounds by his rope; canvas fire-escape service. All experiments that have been tried have proved successful, and old and experienced firemen expect

the best results from this new addition. To those who may be caught in burning buildings it will produce a quieting influence to know that a picked corps of men banded together and drilled for the purpose, with special and effective apparatus, is at hand for the sole purpose of saving life. At present two men will be assigned to each truck, but four will be attached when the corps shall have been fully trained. A course of calisthenics forms part of the drill.

#### SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK.

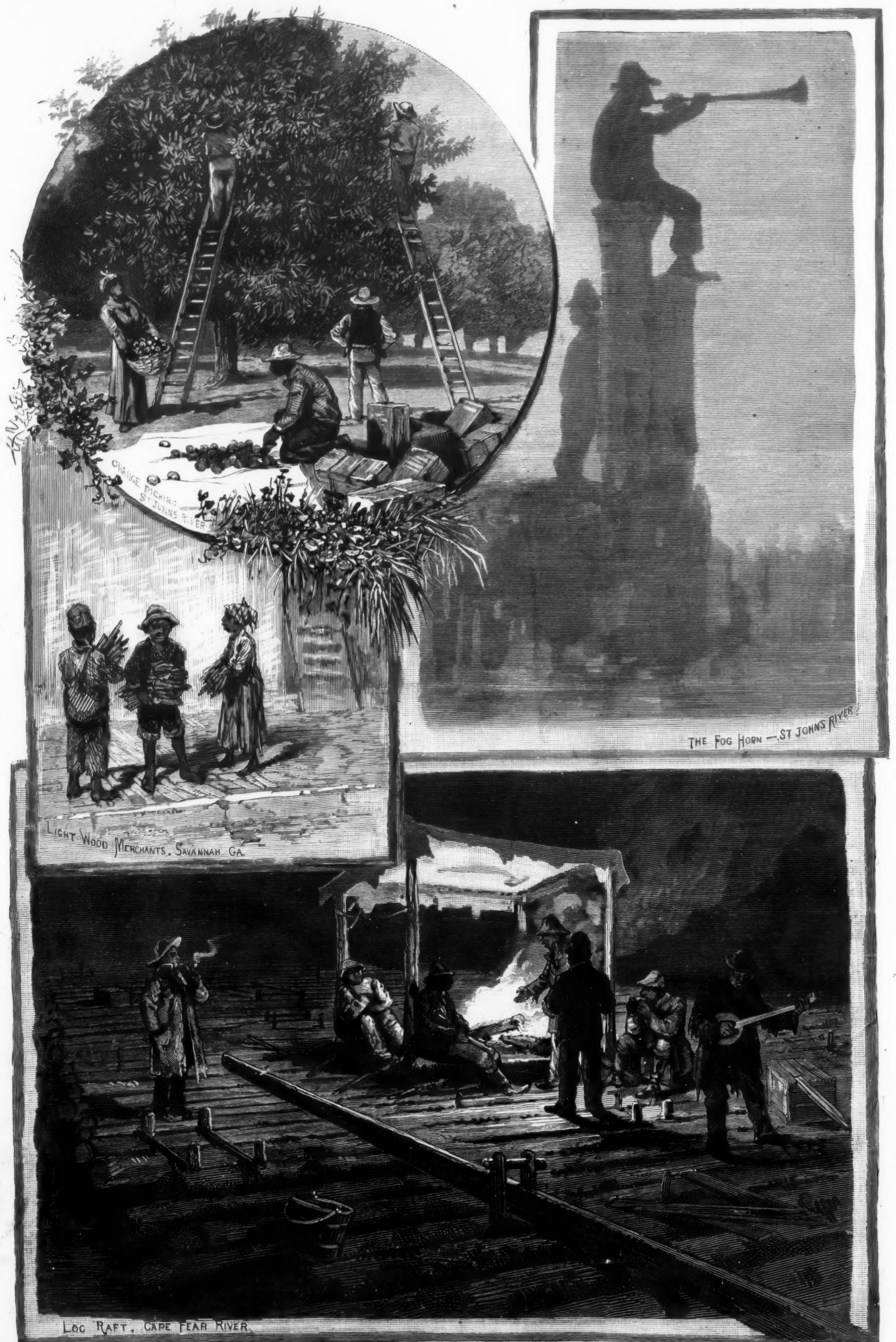
NOT a brighter sight in the world of its kind than the pond on Central Park when the ice is thoroughly fit, and the ominous word "Danger" relegated to the surrounding groves. Every inch of space is thronged with a mad, merry, healthy, good-natured crowd, while the ring of joyous laughter, mingled with the circular-saw-like buzz of talk and the despairing shrieks of toppling-over skaters, is set in the sound of the swift-gliding skate as it cuts its rapid way along the slippery and unyielding ice. Swells in the most "correct" attire spin along beside the "boys" from the Bowery, while Murray Hill belles, in furs worth a king's ransom, glide swanlike to be jostled by red checked girls, who have taken half a day off from an adja-

cent factory. All is good humor, all is fun, all is health; and those alone appear gloomy who come to look on.

#### THE RUINED HOME.

THE tales of distress and desolation born of the late disastrous floods are in the last degree distressing. The mighty waters, insatiable in their appetite for destruction, came leaping onwards, overwhelming everything as they rushed and tore and seethed past. Cities, villages, homesteads laid in ruins. Fortunes wrecked. Rich men beggared, and compelled to face the battle for bread at the point where they had begun. In the train of destruction stalked starvation, and agonized mothers beheld their babes uttering that most piteous of all human cries—the wail of the helpless child that is hungry. Our illustration depicts the return of the father and mother and child to their wrecked home. The man and woman are speechless in the desolating agony of the moment, the wife taking refuge in her husband's protecting arms, while the poor little one, in all the cloudless happiness of childhood, plays with the clock that used to hang so high up and out of reach on the kitchen wall. This incident is but one in the thousands that illustrated in such lurid color the late calamitous visitation.





THE NEW SOUTH.—SCENES IN NORTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.





NEW YORK.—HON. DORMAN B. EATON, CHAIRMAN OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.  
PHOTO. BY ANDERSON.

#### HON. DORMAN B. EATON:

MR. DORMAN B. EATON is a native of Vermont, and graduated at the University of that State in 1848. He studied law at Harvard, and upon graduating from the law school of that university, in 1850, began practice in New York city as a partner of the late Judge William Kent. He made steady progress in his profession, and at the same time devoted much attention to public affairs. He prepared the principal health laws and the sanitary code for New York, and a code of laws for the District of Columbia. A Republican from the organization of the party, he was always progressive in his views, and early became impressed with the importance of civil service reform. He was for several years Chairman of the Union League Club's Committee on Political Reform, and he made special study of the civil service abroad during a three years' tour in Europe between 1870 and 1873. Upon his return, President Grant appointed him a member of the Civil Service Commission then in existence, and he held that position until the Commission expired through the failure of Congress to make appropriations for its support. In 1877, at President Hayes's request, he visited England again to secure material for a historical report upon the British civil service, which was printed by order of Congress. Mr. Eaton was the real author of the so-called Pendleton Bill, and it is only proper, in view of the great service he has rendered the cause, that his name should head the list of Commissioners provided for by that Act.

#### GENERAL MACADARAS,

##### THE ALLEGED MYSTERIOUS "NUMBER ONE."

WE give on this page a portrait of General Macadaras, who is suspected in England to be the mysterious "Number One" who directed the Irish murder conspiracy and was especially responsible for the Dublin assassinations. General Macadaras commanded the French Irish Legion in the Franco-German war, having before that, in 1865, visited this country in connection with the Fenian movement. In 1872 or 1873 he returned here and married a wealthy lady of St. Louis, remain-

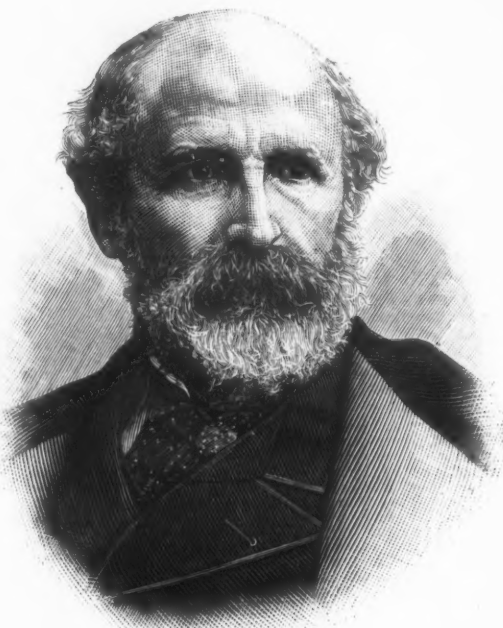
ing some two years. They then went to Europe, although St. Louis is still regarded as their home, and since that time have, for the most part, lived abroad. General Macadaras is said to have a fine place at Bordeaux, France. Relatives of the family in St. Louis say that Macadaras is an invalid, and is almost constantly traveling with his wife and servants; that there is no secrecy whatever in his movements; and that if the English authorities wish to find him they can obtain his address from the Bank of England. A brother-in-law, Mr. Michael A. Doyle, states that he met General Macadaras in Dublin last August, where he and his family were staying in the most open manner at the Shelbourne Hotel, the most prominent house in Dublin. In speaking of the Phoenix Park tragedy at that time (and it was then the subject of general comment), General Macadaras condemned the crime in strong terms, remarking that such things could bring no good to Ireland. Mr. Doyle says he knows positively that the general was in Egypt during the whole time covered by the conspiracy revelations, and while the plotting against Mr. Forster was going on. He was at Grosse, a mountain resort in France, forty or fifty miles from Nice, when the Phoenix Park assassinations occurred, and had previously been at another resort. He had not been in Ireland from late in 1879 until August 1882.

During his earlier visits to this country General Macadaras became well known to many persons in this city and elsewhere. He on several occasions visited the office of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and those who remember him as he appeared at that time are by no means prepared to believe that he was capable of the atrocities which are now—without any apparently satisfactory evidence—charged upon him. It is to be added that Macadaras has published an "emphatic denial of the accusations, has invited an inquiry into the matter at the hands of the British Embassy in Paris, and taken steps to ascertain the source of the cruel libel against him." Our picture shows him in his uniform as an officer in the Franco-German war.

#### HON. MATTHEW W. RANSOM,

##### UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

HON. MATTHEW WHITAKER RANSOM, the recently re-elected United States Senator from North Carolina, was born in Warren County, N. C., in 1826. He received an academic education, and was graduated from the State University in 1847, dividing the honors



NORTH CAROLINA.—HON. MATTHEW W. RANSOM, UNITED STATES SENATOR.  
PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.



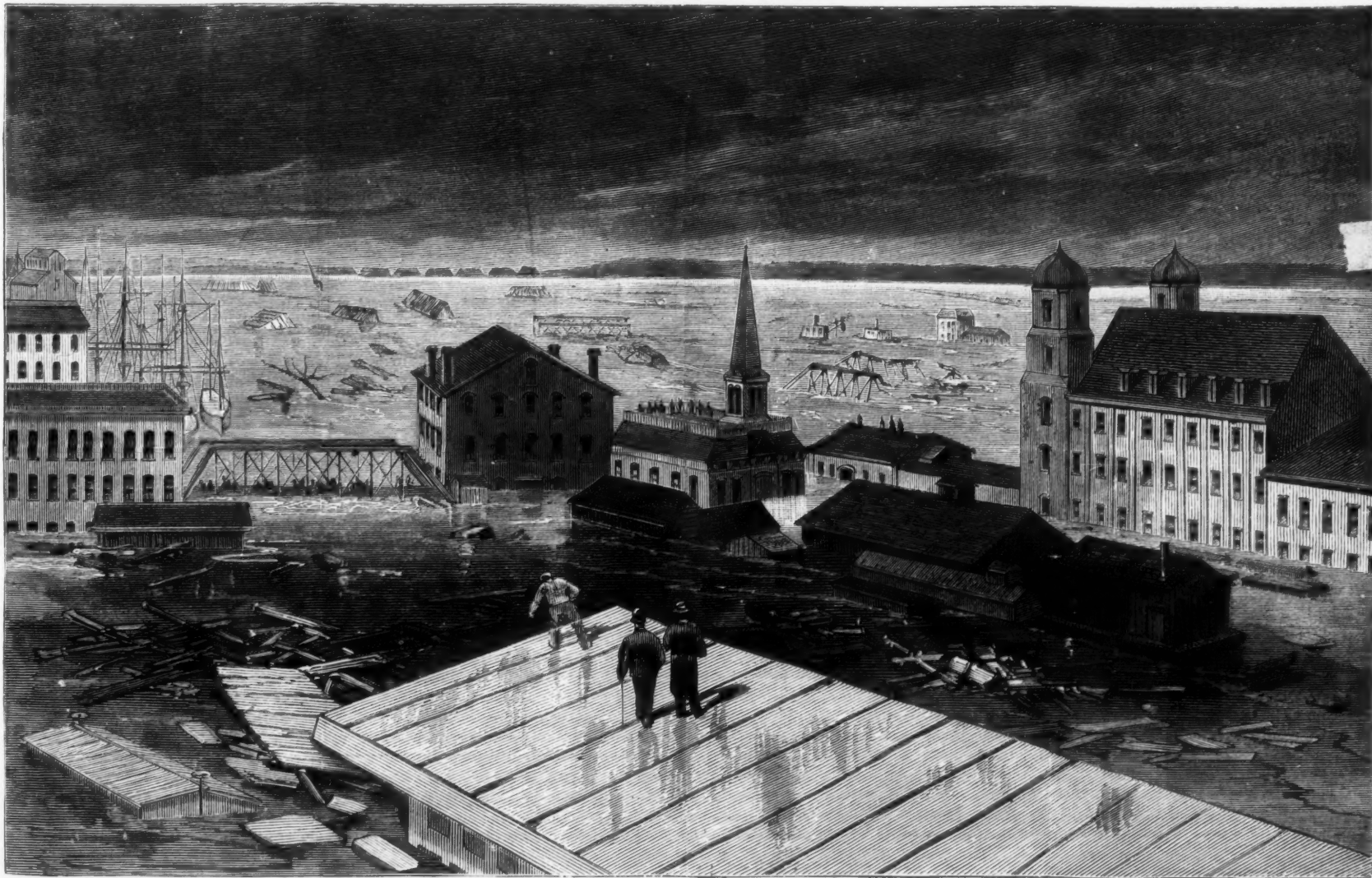
GEN. JAMES MACADARAS, THE ALLEGED "NUMBER ONE" WHO DIRECTED THE IRISH MURDER CONSPIRACY.

of his Class with the late General J. Johnson Pettigrew. He studied law and was admitted to the Bar immediately upon graduating. In 1852 he was elected Attorney-general of the State, from which office he resigned in 1855. He was a member of the Legislature from Northampton County in 1858, 1859 and 1860. In 1861 he was a Peace Commissioner from the State of North Carolina to the Congress of Southern States at Montgomery, Alabama. He entered the Confederate Army, and served as Lieutenant colonel, Colonel, Brigadier-general and Major-general, and surrendered at Appomattox. In January, 1872, he was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat, and took his seat, April 24th, 1872. In 1876 he was re-elected, and on January 15th last he was elected for the third time, thus manifesting the strong hold he has upon the hearts of the people of his State.

General Ransom is a man of most engaging manners and address, and maintains at all times the full dignity of the senatorial character and office. "In scholarship, taste and culture," says a recent historian, "he has had no superior in the history of his State, while as an advocate he is eloquent, powerful, and a consummate master of the effective weapons found in railleury and invective. Like Athenian Cimon, who was equally victorious on sea and land, General Ransom has shone in such various fields of action, that it is difficult to determine his merit in any one." A year or two ago the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina.

#### SCENES AT THE SOUTH.

FORTUNATE, indeed, are those persons who are able to exchange the discomforts of our long Northern Winter for the delights of the same season in the Southern States of the Union. The charms of Florida have been often sung, but never do they appeal more strongly to the mind than when the rude blasts of March are piercing to the marrow. At such a time one cannot think with any other feeling than discontent of the contrast afforded by the scenes along that famous river of the Everglade State, the St. John's. In that happy region the gathering of oranges is still a busy industry,



OHIO.—VIEW OF THE RECENT FLOODS AT TOLEDO, OHIO, LOOKING DOWN THE MAUMEE RIVER FROM THE DAYTON AND MICHIGAN FREIGHT YARDS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY FRENCH BROTHERS.—SEE PAGE 26.



and the groves laden with their delicious fruit delight the eye of the voyager. At night the scene along the river is even more interesting and weird as the various small craft lay to during the darkness, and the negroes of the crew fill the air with their peculiar melodies. If a fog comes up, a fresh and less grateful noise is added as the powerful note of the fog-horn makes its way through the mists, and guides the pilot to the point where a youthful African toils at the warning instrument. The South, indeed, is full of revelations to the stranger tourist. One picture of a feature of Savannah street-life is given by our artist. The Ethiopian has a proneness for the picturesque, and the un-studied attitudes of the young merchants who peddle firewood through the streets of that populous city are sure to catch the eye of the visitor.

#### An African Expedition.

THE Italian travelers, Bianchi and Sicata, are are ranging a partly private expedition to Africa. The Italian Government is going to send a messenger to King John of Abyssinia, with presents and the plan of an amicable treaty; Bianchi and his companions will form part of the expedition. The gifts to King John will consist of natural and artificial precious stones, guns of large calibre for hunting elephants, and various nicknacks; amongst the latter some barrel-organs from Geneva. After presenting the gifts, the Government official will return to Italy by way of the Red Sea; but Bianchi and his companions, at the expense of Signor Rocca, a banker who makes good use of his large fortune, will prosecute their journey into the interior of the country, with the view of assuring a means of commerce for the Italian station at Assab, which, when once fairly established, is very likely to succeed, as there are by no means sufficient outlets for the riches of the interior of Africa.

#### Paving a River Bottom.

A PECULIAR piece of engineering has been completed at Lake Charles, on the line of the Louisiana Western Railroad, of great interest to railroad officials of the Gulf-coast country—namely, the paving with concrete of the bottom of Calcasieu River around the piers which support the railroad bridge. The bed of the streams emptying into the Gulf contiguous to their confluence is mud, clay, or quicksand. During high water the currents are rapid, and the yielding material is ever changing. To prevent a change of bed, and to protect the piers from wash, this system of paving has proved successful. The method of performance is to properly mix dry concrete, take coarse sacks, holding each one bushel and a half, fill the same therewith, and, with the aid of an experienced diver, place them where wanted in layers, lapping the edge of each successive sack over the preceding one. As soon as the submerged sack is saturated, the process of concreting commences. Within twenty-four hours it becomes sufficiently hard to resist ordinary wash, and within thirty days is a solid rock. The joints or laps between the sacks on the periphery are beneficial, as whenever the bed of the stream at the point of contact washes away, the outer sacks becoming unsupported will break loose at the joints and drop, forming a material rip-rap that will prevent further encroachment.

The piers of the railroad bridges crossing the Sabine River near Orange, and the Neches River at Beaumont, Tex., have likewise been protected by this concrete paving process.

#### Civilizing the Sioux Indians.

UNDER the new treaty which it is proposed to make with the Sioux Indians, the Government, in addition to giving 320 acres of land to the head of each family, and eighty acres to each minor child, stipulates to furnish to each Indian settlement a physician, carpenter, miller, engineer, farmer and blacksmith for a period of ten years. On their part the Sioux surrender over 17,000 square miles of their former reservation, and agree not to sell or slaughter for sale the cows and oxen to be furnished them by the Government, unless by permission of the Interior Department.

A prominent feature of the agreement is the setting apart of a limited territory for the exclusive use and occupancy of the Indians of each agency. The Indians expressed a desire for such separate reservations, and the change from a large reservation, held by all the Sioux in common, to smaller reservations, held each by the Indians occupying it, will be beneficial. Under the existing system the Indians do not feel settled, being subject to transfer from agency to agency, and having a general title to all and a specific title to no part of their great reservation. When, under the plan proposed, the Indian has been assigned to an agency, with its surrounding reservation, he will feel assured that that is to be his home. In setting apart these separate reservations the preferences of the Indians as to location have been followed as far as practicable.

#### The Cost of Stopping a Train of Cars.

THE cost of stopping a train of cars (says the Hartford Courant), is being guessed at by experts just now in a very interesting way. And it is something worth the inquiry of railroad men, especially in Connecticut, where, besides the stations, there are so many drawbridges at which the safety of the traveling public demands full stops. Estimates of the cost have ranged from one quarter of a cent up to two dollars for stopping an ordinary passenger train. The small figure represented only the estimated loss of metal by applying the brake to the wheel. Some of the real considerations that go to make up the cost of a stop are the coal burned while the train is standing still, and in order to resume the former speed—this the Pennsylvania Railroad people put at twelve to fifteen cents; then there are the wages of all the persons on the train, who, while the train slows down and stops, are paid as if the train were running. This is insignificant in the case of one person, but it amounts to something when the whole train force is considered; besides this there is the wear of rails. A rail lasts only a third as long where trains come to a stop on it as when merely run over. This is the result of the action of the brakes. Then, too, more accidents occur to engines, to wheels and to axles in coming to a stop or in starting again than with running right along.

The Railroad Gazette reports a discussion on this subject, in which the conclusion is reached that the actual cost of stopping an ordinary train is about thirty to sixty cents. An amusing story is told of a trial where experts testify that it cost two dollars to stop a train. They established the fact. Then the counsel on the other side produced the company's time-table with a full list of all the stops, including stations, took the total number of its trains, calculated the total stoppages of all the trains for one year, multiplying the result by two dollars—the experts' estimate of cost—and demonstrated that the stoppages alone had, if the estimate was right, cost the company three times as much as the entire amount of its operating expenses for the year. This reduction to a solid basis of fact upset the two-dollar theory.

#### Facts of Interest.

THE little old stone church at San Antonio, Texas, which has become famous in American history as the Alamo, is now used as a grocery store.

MARY HANSEN, a colored dwarf, in the alma-house of Sussex County, Del., is only thirty inches high, weighs forty pounds, and is sixty-nine years of age.

A MASS of heavy logs broke loose in a long, steep railway in Wisconsin while a man was standing in such a position that his escape from the track of the wooden avalanche was impossible. In desperation he fell flat between two timbers that were frozen fast, and the tons of logs boomed over without hurting him.

Two sisters by the name of Ely, aged sixteen and fourteen, located a mining claim in the Como district of Nevada several months ago, and have christened it the Woodbine and Daffodil. They are sinking a shaft by their own labor, and, with the happy confidence of their sex, express implicit faith in their enterprise.

In Spottsylvania County, Va., Mrs. Ann Tolley, aged seventy years, and apparently in robust health, informed her friends that her time had come. So impressed was she with the idea that she arose one morning at an early hour, washed, dressed and prepared herself for the anticipated event. She began to cook her breakfast, and dropped dead.

CHIARI, the Pathologist, who has just been made professor at Prague, is a man thirty years old, who has already made over 8,000 post mortem examinations. At a recent supper given in his honor, one of the speakers said he could not wish for greater happiness than that of being post mortem'd—if one may use the expression—by his friend Chiari.

THE 2,577 buildings erected in New York in 1882 cost \$44,793,185, an increase of about \$1,500,000 over 1881. Twenty dwellings cost over \$50,000 each, eighty-eight cost between \$20,000 and \$50,000 each, 477 cost less than \$20,000, 577 apartment-houses cost over \$15,000 each, twenty-five office buildings cost \$1,403,641, seventy churches cost \$562,000, and twelve theatres cost \$419,775.

#### FUN.

"Or what complaint did your father die?" "The jury found him guilty," was the answer.

THE American Peace Society has about \$60,000 on hand—enough to have a glorious fight about.

HE said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

A MAN never loses much time in interviewing a bee. He generally comes right down to the point.

SOME genius has invented a machine to play pianos. Why, the country is full of them already.

A LITTLE child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.

A PROFESSOR was lecturing on "After Man—What?" A listener remarked that it was generally "the sheriff, or some woman."

"YES, indeed," remarked a society belle to her good pastor, "I say my prayers night and morning during Lent; one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

IT seems that since Frank James surrendered, the members of his gang have stopped robbing railway trains and gone into the State Treasury business in the South.

NOW THAT the chilling winds are blowing cold across the moor, the thoughtful road agent has begun to warm the Leadville stage-coach passengers by covering them with revolvers.

IT is said that the natural beauties of the Yellowstone Park are being defaced and destroyed by visitors. This comes of driving away the Indians, who were in the habit of scalping tourists.

THE new State line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island takes forty-five acres from the former territory of the latter State. "From him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

"DON'T you think I have a good face for the stage?" asked a lady with histrionic aspirations. "I don't know about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a buss."

AN author who was eulogizing his fine works as containing much "food for thought" was rather taken back by the remark of a friend, "They may contain food for thought; but it is wretchedly cooked."

#### THE MUTUAL LIFE.

OF all the Annual "Statements" of the Insurance Companies which make their appearance about the beginning of the year, none is looked for with more interest by patrons and by public than that of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, or, as it has been not inaptly called, "the Giant of the Companies," which appears in another column of this paper. It invites and will repay careful study, both by the seeker for sound Life Insurance and by the student of the principles and practice of this most important department of affairs. It cannot fail to give satisfaction to all directly interested in the company's business, and marks another white milestone in a corporate career of signal success and prosperity. Some of the totals of the Mutual Life's Statement are so vast as to almost exceed mental grasp. When reading of assets of almost one hundred millions; of more than twenty millions of Government Bonds; of nearly fifty millions loaned on first-class real estate; and of over a million a month paid to policy holders, it is difficult to realize the full meaning and force of these facts, although they are demonstrated and indisputable. By the New York standard the company's surplus exceeds twelve millions of dollars, and from this a dividend will be paid to each participating policy in force at the anniversary of the organization of the company during the current year. In a footnote the company gives cogent reasons for not attempting to extend their business into foreign countries and unhealthy sections of our own, and make a forcible plea for adherence to the same wise, conservative yet liberal policy which has wrought such grand and gratifying results.

AGAIN the H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO., of 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y., are in the front rank in the matter of non-conducting coverings for steam-pipes, boilers, etc. Their recent contracts comprise, among many others, the boilers and pipes of the Goodyear Rubber Company, at Middletown, Conn.; the New York Car Steam-Heating Co.; the New Scranton Steel Works, at Scranton, Pa.; and the five boilers of the Penn. R. R. Co.'s elevator. In the latter case their system of coverings is to replace another style which has proven to be comparatively worthless.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD, with the punster's mark on his brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a jar on the table. "Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stammering force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted.

AN experienced traveler says: "The most troublesome companion a person can have while being away from home is a cough, and I would advise everybody to procure a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP before starting."

#### A GREAT GAIN.

A PATIENT writes: "My cough is almost gone, and the pain under my left shoulder-blade is better. I can sit up straight with ease and draw deep breaths, and can walk without having palpitation of the heart. I could not do any of these before using Compound Oxygen." Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN a California woman was selecting a tombstone, it fell and killed her little girl. It is not known whether the accident was caused by carelessness on the part of the mother or enterprise on the part of the dealer.

#### A FINE HAIR-DRESSING.

COCAINE dresses the hair perfectly, and is also a preparation unequalled for the eradication of dandruff.

The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their purity and great strength.

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DR. W. S. POWELL, Defiance, O., says: "I have used it with satisfactory results in dyspeptic ailments associated with great mental depression or despondency."

A SMOOTH complexion can be had by every lady who will use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. For promptly regulating the liver and kidney and purifying the blood there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheek. See notice.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

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#### STOCKS, And How to Speculate.

The desire for speculation, to find a more direct and easier road to fortune than by patient labor, seems inherent in mankind, and no field presents such facilities and fascinations as stocks and bonds of large corporations. Often a few dollars invested in these is the nucleus of a speedy and colossal fortune.

To those who are not familiar with stock speculation, and who may desire to invest in a small way, we offer the following suggestions:

Select from the list of stocks one or more than you may wish to buy or sell, and we will execute your order immediately on receipt of same. Our commissions for buying and selling are 1/4% (1/4 cent) of one per cent. of par value, which is added to the price of the stock. For example, if you send an order to buy 25 shares of Erie, and the price was 40 1/2, we add the commission and fill the order at 40 3/4 net, so that all over that figure is profit to you.

For margins we accept as low as one per cent.; \$10 buys 10 shares; \$25, 25 shares; \$100, 100 shares. We deal in lots of from 10 shares upwards. While we take so small a margin as 1 per cent, it is not advisable to trust to so close a limit, and we recommend that at least \$2 per share accompany the order. We do not charge any account until the entire deposit is exhausted, unless ordered to do so by our customer.

An original margin of \$5 per share is usual with those who desire to keep their accounts good under ordinary fluctuations; \$500 on 100 shares, or the same in proportion on smaller lots.

To make the conditions perfectly plain let us suppose that you send us \$25 to buy 25 shares Western Union Telegraph stock. It costs, for example, 81 1/4. We add 1/4% for commissions, making the stock to you 81 3/4, all above which is net profit. If the stock goes to 82 1/4, you have made \$25; if 83 1/4, \$50, and so on, without limit, until you order the account closed and settled, when we remit the amount due to you at once. If, however, the stock should not sell up, but down, at 80 1/4, your \$25 is lost unless in the meantime you have sent more money or notified us that you would do so. In any case where the dealer has money deposited with us we will keep his account good to the full amount if so instructed. If you buy 15 shares of stock at 81 1/4, \$25 carries it good down to 80 1/4, \$50 to 79 1/4, and so on as far as you please.

As already explained, it is better to start off with a deposit of at least \$2 or \$3 per share, because the stock bought at 81 1/4 might go down to 80 1/4, just low enough to exhaust a margin of \$1 per share, and then go up afterward, 80 1/4 being the lowest. If, however, it goes your way from the start, one per cent. is as good as fifty. The general complaint from persons seeking information about how to speculate in stocks is that all circulars sent them explain too much, have too many Wall St. phrases about "bulls" and "bears," "long" and "shorts," etc., therefore we have tried to make this very plain. Those who are already familiar with stock speculation of course know just what to do; to such we have only to say that we accept orders to buy or sell any active stock in lots of 10 to 100 shares on a margin of one or more per cent., at dealer's option; that we execute the orders at once and wait until total margin is exhausted before selling you out; that we telegraph at once the prices at which every order has been filled and that transactions may be made or closed by telegraph or mail. Our offices are always open for the accommodation of the public.

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THE TARIFF BABY.

UNCLE SAM—"Too many doctors have about killed the patient; even an extra session will hardly bring the puny thing safely through."

**E. J. DENNING & CO.,**  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**A. T. STEWART & CO.,**  
NOW DISPLAY IN THE ROTUNDA  
**High-Cost Novelties.**

**POSITIVE BARGAINS**  
ARE OFFERED IN

**Black, Colored and Fancy Pongee,  
Printed Foulard and  
India Silks,**

From 50c. per yard upwards.

ALSO,

**Ladies' Plain & Ribbed  
Lisle Thread Hose,  
Colored Clocks,**

50c. per pair; former price, \$1.15 per pair.

**Plain, Colored and Fancy Cotton  
Hose,**

From 25c. to 40c. per pair.

ALSO, A COMPLETE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF  
**Ladies' French Hand-made  
Undergarments,**

Of every Variety and Quality, at  
**EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.**

Particular attention is invited to the full and entirely  
New Stock of

**LINENS**

**House-Furnishing Goods,  
NOW OPEN.**

The Assortment has never been surpassed, and prices  
will be found unusually low.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY EXECUTED, AND  
SAMPLES SENT WHEN DESIRED.

**Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.**



A REAL WATCH, A RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER.

**THE WATERBURY WATCH.**

This is a recent invention, and a triumph of American inventive genius. It is recommended by Professor Dwight of Vassar College, as keeping better time than a silver watch that cost seven times as much. The case is Nickel Silver, which wears clean and white. Upon receipt of \$5.50 I will send by registered mail to any address in the United States one of the above-mentioned watches, which I will warrant a good, reliable time-keeper. Liberal discount will be made to clubs and trade. Address all communications to

**E. H. BROWN,**  
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Watches & Jewelry,  
14 Maiden Lane, New York City,  
Refer by permission to Frank Leslie's.

**COOK'S GRAND EXCURSION**

**CALIFORNIA**

Visiting en route Washington, The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the grand gorges and passes of The Rocky Mountains in Colorado, Denver, Santa Fe, Southern California, THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, and San Francisco, returning via Salt Lake City, Chicago and Niagara Falls, starts May 3, 1883, occupying eight weeks. Cost, \$500. The outward and return journeys by entirely different routes. Pullman Cars, hotel accommodation, carriage drives and

**ALL NECESSARY EXPENSES INCLUDED.**

Full particulars free on application.

Address, 261 Broadway, New York.  
**Thos. Cook & Son,** 197 Washington St., Boston,  
311 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

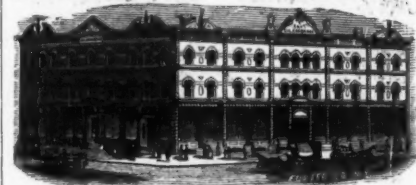
**ARNOLD,  
CONSTABLE & Co.**

**LADIES' SILK HOSIERY.**

Spring Importation of Paris Novelties; Real Point Lace, Embroidered, Striped, and Solid Colors in the New Shades; Fancy Vertical Striped and Egyptian Embroidered Hose. Also, Sleeveless Silk Cardigan Jackets for Spring wear.

**BROADWAY & 19th St.,  
NEW YORK.**

**PETROLEUM EXCHANGE.**



**W. H. DUFUR,**

BROKER IN PETROLEUM, OIL CITY, Pa.

Oil bought, sold and carried on margin. Reference (by permission) First National Bank. Correspondence solicited

**The Sun.**

**A MILLION A WEEK!**

TO THE BUSINESS PUBLIC.—The subjoined table shows the total circulation of the several editions of THE SUN for 1882, as compared with the corresponding figures of the preceding year:

| 1882.                | 1881.                |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| DAILY.....44,678,656 | DAILY.....39,701,161 |
| SUNDAY.....7,414,114 | SUNDAY.....7,037,604 |
| WEEKLY.....3,443,360 | WEEKLY.....3,498,154 |

Total.....55,536,030 Total.....50,236,919

Five million more SUNS were bought and read in 1882 than in 1881. The average circulation of the several editions during the whole of the past year was:

| DAILY.....143,300  |
|--------------------|
| SUNDAY.....141,810 |
| WEEKLY.....60,316  |

THE SUN has advertising space to sell. From its compact form an advertisement in THE SUN is more readily seen than in the blanket sheets, hence a few lines in its columns will serve to attract the widest attention. A five-line advertisement in THE SUN, costing only two dollars, reaches over half a million readers. This is unquestionably the cheapest and most efficient mode of attaining publicity and procuring customers anywhere obtainable.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

In Daily and Sunday Editions the price of advertising is Forty Cents per Agate line. Large type Eighty Cents. Reading Notices One Dollar and Fifty Cents on third page, and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents on first and second pages, per Agate line.

In Weekly Edition the price is Fifty Cents per line of Agate space, without extra charge for large type. For preferred positions Seventy-five Cents to Two Dollars per line.

THE SUN, 106, 108, and 170 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY.

## STATEMENT

### THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1882.

**ASSETS.....\$97,961,317.72.**

#### Annuity Account.

| No.                                    | ANN. PAY'TS. | No.                                    | ANN. PAY'TS. |
|--|--------------|--|--------------|
| Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1882. 58 | \$21,139.81  | Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883. 55 | \$19,200.91  |
| Premium Annuities.....                 | 4,338.20     | Premium Annuities.....                 | 3,718.44     |
| Annuities Issued.....                  | 480.68       | Annuities Terminated.....              | 5            |
|  |              |  | 3,045.34     |
| 60                                     | \$25,958.69  | 60                                     | \$25,958.69  |

#### Insurance Account.

| No.  | AMOUNT.       | No.  | AMOUNT.       |
|--|---------------|--|---------------|
| Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1882. 101,400 | \$315,900.137 | Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883. 106,214 | \$329,554.174 |
| Risks Assumed.....                         | 11,416        | Risks Terminated.....                      | 6,692         |
|  |               |  |               |
| 112,906                                    | \$353,134.595 | 112,906                                    | \$353,134.595 |

#### Revenue Account.

|                                   |                  |  |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|--|------------------|
| To Balance from last account..... | \$89,618,413.97  | By paid Death Claims.....  | \$4,743,153.40   |
| " Premiums received.....          | 12,845,592.86    | " Matured Endowments.....  | 1,288,759.80     |
| " Interest and Rents.....         | 5,078,765.79     | Total claims—  |                  |
|                                   |                  | \$6,031,913.20   |                  |
|                                   |                  | " Annuities.....   | 24,046.55        |
|                                   |                  | " Dividends.....   | 3,139,320.83     |
|                                   |                  | " Surrendered Policies and Additions                                 |                  |
|                                   |                  | Total paid Policy-holders—   | 3,653,554.66     |
|                                   |                  | \$12,848,835.24  |                  |
|                                   |                  | " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)..... | 842,322.91       |
|                                   |                  | " Contingent Guarantee Acc't.  | 29,703.77        |
|                                   |                  | " Taxes and Assessments.....   | 243,059.06       |
|                                   |                  | " Expenses.....  | 795,865.56       |
|                                   |                  | " Balance to New Account.....  | 92,782,986.08    |
|                                   | \$107,542,772.62 |  | \$107,542,772.62 |

#### Balance Sheet.

|                                    |                 |                                      |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| To Reserve at four per cent.....   | \$92,469,059 00 | By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on     |                 |
| " Claims by death not yet due..... | 850,120 00      | Real Estate.....                     | \$47,350,317 82 |
| " Premiums paid in advance.....    | 19,795 55       | " United States and other Bonds..... | 20,618,635 00   |
| " Agents' Balances.....            | 10,928 31       | " Loans on Collaterals.....          | 17,099,950 00   |
| " Surplus and Contingent Guarantee |                 | Real Estate.....                     | 7,851,516 39    |
| Fund.....                          | 4,611,414 86    | " Cash in Banks and Trust Com-       |                 |
|                                    |                 | panies at interest.....              | 2,729,386 87    |
|                                    |                 | " Interest accrued.....              | 1,236,731 63    |
|                                    |                 | " Premiums deferred, quarterly and   |                 |
|                                    |                 | semi-annual.....                     | 939,242 61      |
|                                    |                 | " Premiums in transit, principally   |                 |
|                                    |                 | for December.....                    | 115,527 40      |
|                                    |                 |                                      |                 |
|                                    | \$97,961,317 72 |                                      | \$97,961,317 72 |

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000. From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1883.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

**ASSETS.....\$97,961,317.72**  
New York, January 18, 1883.

#### BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

|  |  |  |   |
|--|--|--|---|
| FREDERICK S. WINSTON,<br>SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,<br>LUCIUS ROBINSON,<br>SAMUEL D. BARCOK,<br>WILLIAM SMITH BROWN,<br>HENRY A. SMYTHE,<br>WILLIAM E. DODGE,<br>GEORGE S. COE,<br>JOHN E. DEVELIN, | SEYMOUR L. HUSTED,<br>OLIVER H. PALMER,<br>RICHARD A. MCCURDY,<br>JAMES C. HOLDEN,<br>HERMANN C. VON POST,<br>GEORGE C. RICHARDSON,<br>ALEXANDER H. RICE,<br>WILLIAM F. BARCOK,<br>F. RATCHFORD STARR. | FREDERICK H. COSSITT,<br>LEWIS MAY,<br>OLIVER HARRIMAN,<br>THOMAS DICKSON,<br>HENRY W. SMITH,<br>JOHN H. SHERWOOD,<br>GEORGE H. ANDREWS,<br>ROBERT OLYPHANT,<br>GEORGE F. BAKER, | BENJ. B. SHERMAN,<br>JOS. THOMPSON,<br>DUDLEY OLCOTT,<br>ANSON STAGER,<br>FREDERIC CROMWELL,<br>JULIEN T. DAVIES,<br>ROBERT SEWELL. |
|--|--|--|---|

This Company has hitherto restricted its business to the healthy portions of the United States, chiefly at the North and West. The Company proposes to adhere to a policy which has wrought results so satisfactory as are shown in the foregoing statement.

The reasons therefor are stated in the following

Extract from the Annual Report of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:

The question is sometimes asked why the Mutual Life Insurance Company does not extend the sphere of its operations to foreign countries. This inquiry, indeed, generally comes from residents of such countries, who desire to share in the advantages which insurance in this company affords. While it is alleged that other companies deem it for their interest to extend their business to the West Indies, Central and South America, and to remote and insalubrious countries, this company has seen no reason to change its action in regard to the area of territory in which the business of life insurance may be safely conducted by a company of this State.

The objections to the extension of its business to foreign countries are chiefly these: That it has not appeared to be fair and equitable to introduce into a mutual company risks on lives exposed to especially deleterious climatic influences, the effect of which would be to impair the equilibrium which ought to prevail among all the members of a company, where reciprocation of hazard and of advantage should be a ruling principle. It would be unjust to place persons of distinctly different race, habits and residence upon the same plane; in other words, the healthy, vigorous, long-lived race, residing in a temperate and salubrious climate, under a stable government, should not be called upon to insure those living in an unhealthy climate, and of a race inferior in vigor and stamina. This Company does not even extend its business into such portions of this country as are deemed insalubrious, and where it would be necessary to exact an extra premium, because of the hazard involved in the climate or the habits of the people. Hence its business has been limited chiefly to the northern and western portions of this country.

That it does not seem wise to subject the business of this Company, in any degree whatever, to the operation of the laws—however arbitrary and oppressive they may be made—of such countries. The creation of obligations in a foreign country may be regarded as a warrant for the assumption by that country of the direction and control, in some degree, of the reserves designed to insure the fulfillment of such obligations. Grave complications may at any moment arise out of such relations, which may be fraught with inconvenience and peril to the interests of home policy-holders.

That the remoteness of the field of action offers temptations and facilities for frauds, and augments the difficulties of exposure.

That the home field affords ample scope for the exercise of whatever capacity and energy any company may possess; a field within which this Company has organized and maintained a business greater than any similar business in the world; and which yet presents, in its growth and development, ample resources for a safe and prudent expansion of that business. These are among the reasons why the glittering allurements to enter into foreign countries have not seemed to outweigh the possible perils and disadvantages.

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